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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of John Tobin, Author of the Honey-moon, with a Selection from his unpublished Writings. By Miss Benger, Author of the *Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton*. Lond. 1820. Crown 8vo. pp. 444.

Miss Benger has discharged an honourable duty, and she has discharged it well. Men very inferior to Tobin find their eulogists, if not their biographers; and the falsehoods of the Tombstone are too often enlarged in the Volume. Those whose lives attracted no notice, obtain a brief but lasting record on the marble, while the page, evanescent as their own being, adds a few years of obscure existence to the memory of departed—nothingness. But Tobin has merited a niche in the biographical temple. His life began only when he died. Like a seed cast into the earth, which, decaying, germinates, and produces the loveliest of flowers or the finest of fruits; his corpse was the seed whence sprung the blossomings of his fame; and alas! the fruits were gathered by hands which planted not;... the harvest of glory brought no rejoicing shouts to the ear of the patient sower.

Poor Tobin was in his grave, when the gay and lively *Honey-moon* exhilarated thousands of hearts: his, which would have been crowned with unutterable bliss at witnessing such a consummation of his persevering toils, beat no longer either for joy or sorrow. For the song which his muse inspired he had no ear; for the scene which his genius blended he had no perception: the pride of his labours stirred the passions of others; all his fears, and hopes, and sympathies, and triumphs, had ceased for ever.

These considerations throw a mournful interest over the memoirs of Tobin; and as it was but yesterday, that we saw him in his *Honey-moon*, and heard him in his *Curfew* (both have very recently been performed), it seems to us as if the sorrow were fresh, and the contrast as striking as when the dead

author's first-acted comedy first delighted us on the stage.

It is strange to say, but it is a thing of feeling, which we shall not endeavour to account for, that the almost dramatic death of this amiable person, engrosses us so entirely whenever our minds are directed towards him, that we have no power to advert to the circumstances of his life. Like the humble incidents of a tragedy, they are all swallowed up in the catastrophe, and we care not for the steps of mingled smiles and tears which led to the fatal and overwhelming termination.

John Tobin was born at Salisbury 26th January, 1770. His father of a respectable situation in life; his mother the daughter of a rich Nevis planter. His childhood was spent at Old Sarum; but he was educated at Southampton. His predilection for the drama was evinced at a very early period, and seems never to have left him. His elder brother James, with whom he ever continued in bonds of the tenderest brotherly affection and union, was sent to Oxford, while he was articled to a solicitor in London. At the expiration of his articles he remained in the same house, and afterwards carried on his professional pursuits in partnership. But the idea of writing for the stage was his master-passion; and for many years he offered his productions to the managers of the theatres, with only this variety, that in some cases they were returned directly, in others detained; in some thrown back without encouragement, in others received so favourably, as almost to consummate his wishes. His first efforts were comic operas; and the whole of this literary eventful history, proves the unbending patience of the author, and the capricious fickleness of the lords of the theatre. The *Curfew* was finished before Mr. T. had attained his twenty-eighth year; but he had previously written the *Faro Table*, the *Undertaker* (a farce), and many other dramatic pieces, all equally unsuccessful in their efforts to obtain the trial of a representation. The years of his life seem only to have been marked by new productions, and repeated disappointments; till at length in 1804, ill health compelled him to seek that restoration which was not to be found, in Cornwall; and here, consumption gradually devouring the body of its victim, while his mind revelled in visions of future fortune and renown, he devoted himself to a new edition of *Shakspeare*. The disease however gaining ground, a voyage to the West Indies was prescribed: the *Honey-moon*, after long

years of delay, was put in rehearsal: he sailed from England, and off the mouth of Cork harbour, died without a witness or a friend.

Such are the brief and sombre particulars of the life of Tobin; we shall transcribe the closing scene, but may first say, that in private he was amiable, careless, buoyant, estimable, and beloved. We can afford no juster specimen of his fair biographer's talent, than the description of the melancholy event to which we have just alluded.

Whilst he was thus detaching himself from his former pursuit, *The Honey-moon*, which had been long incarcerated at Drury Lane theatre, narrowly escaped being ignominiously dismissed with other literary lumber. Fortunately, it was reserved for Mr. Wroughton, whose interference on a former occasion had proved wholly unsuccessful, to rescue this play from unmerited oblivion. Through his importunity, it was submitted to unprejudiced decision, and finally, to the unspeakable joy of Mr. James Tobin, declared to be accepted. Not one moment was lost in transmitting to his brother the welcome intelligence accompanied by a strict injunction, that he should immediately prepare the prologue and epilogue; but the time was passed, in which the poet would have obeyed this mandate with eager alacrity. Consumption continued daily to gain ground on his enfeebled frame, and at this moment he was leaving Cornwall, to return to Bristol, from whence he was to embark for the West Indies; a voyage being recommended as the last resource to re-establish his declining health. In the first emotion of pleasure, however, he prepared to fulfil his brother's wishes: but after some painful efforts, which ended in producing only four lines, he resigned the pen, with the unwilling confession, that he was unequal to the attempt. On his arrival at Bristol, his energies seemed to revive, whilst he secretly enjoyed the astonishment with which his father, (for the first time apprized of his dramatic pursuits,) received the intimation that *The Honey-moon* was in rehearsal. Could mental excitement alone arrest the progress of bodily decay, Tobin must now have triumphed over disease; he at least flattered himself he should soon be well, and calculated with such precision the duration of his absence, and referred with such confidence to his restoration to England, that it appeared almost impossible to distrust the accomplishment of his predictions. Although his debility was hourly increasing, he continued to collect materials for future plays; to cherish aspirations for excellence; to indulge the dreams of happiness and fame. It was late in November when he embarked at Bristol,

after a cheerful parting from his parents and friends, who probably little imagined it was to prove eternal. During his short voyage to Cork, he was constantly admonished of his impending fate, by the hectic appearance of a lady who, like himself, appeared to be rapidly sinking to an untimely grave*. Such, however, was the cheerfulness of his temper, that even the contemplation of her sufferings only excited commiseration, without suggesting one personal apprehension: yet so strongly was he impressed with the conviction of her immediate danger, that he dwelt on this subject in the last letter which he ever wrote, and in which, whilst the vessel was getting under weigh, he once more spoke with confidence of his speedy return to Europe, his future exertions, his smiling prospects, and sanguine anticipations. For the first time he ventured to trace a plan of domestic felicity, founded on a mutual attachment, and sanctioned by the promised boons of success and independence. The barrier which had so long impeded his wishes was now removed. He discovered no future difficulties to perplex his course. A few months and all would be well, and he should enter the long desired haven.

Such were the impressions with which, in the afternoon of the 7th of December, he commenced his voyage: the night proved boisterous, but it past quietly with Tobin, who had retired to his bed, and dismissed his attendant. Towards morning the wind became contrary, and it was thought expedient to return to Cork harbour. Amidst the bustle and confusion incident to this situation, it was remarked that all was silent in Tobin's cabin; but this circumstance excited little surprise in those accustomed to witness his habitual self-possession and composure. No suspicions were entertained of his safety; and it was simply to offer refreshment, that his attendant approached the bed, when it was discovered that the poet indeed slept—to wake no more. It was in vain to surmise at what moment he had breathed his last; no groan was heard, no murmur escaped his lips: and it is with reason to be presumed, that the stream of life ran pure to the last drop, and that death came like a peaceful slumber after the festival of enjoyment.

The ship being driven back to Cork, an opportunity was offered for his interment; and when the intelligence of his death reached his afflicted family, the last duties had been performed on his lonely grave. But if his funeral was unattended, his death was not unlamented by those to whom he had been long an object of interest and attachment.

We have in our strictures somewhat inverted the order of our history; and not to augment the irregularity, shall beg leave to go back to Tobin's juvenile years for the purpose of quoting some of his earliest compositions. The following was written prior to 1788—

Epitaph on Maria P—

A prey to grief and pain no more,
Maria sleeps beneath this tomb,

* This Lady is living, and in good health.

Whose virtue could no higher soar,
Whose beauty could no sweeter bloom.
Heaven viewed with care its darling pride,
Too spotless for a world like this;
Left her awhile to sweeten here,
Then snatch'd her for the realm of bliss.
At morn, in pride of youth, she shone,
So shines the dew-drop on the rose;
At eve, she withered, pale and wan,
So sinks the dew-drop to repose.

Miss Benger sketches her subject's dramatic character very finely in the following—

As his judgment ripened, he became sensible that he could not obtain a distinguished place in the walks of didactic or heroic poetry: he discovered that satire was not his forte; and that his simple and almost spontaneous lyrics were better calculated to inspire delight, than his more ambitious compositions. He had repeatedly exercised his flexible powers on a variety of subjects; and the result of these experiments allowed him not to doubt, that his real strength was in versatility. What he wanted in force he supplied by vivacity: without the depth of an original thinker, he had a felicity in appropriating to himself the ideas of others, that assumed the merit of novelty, and rivalled its attractions. In the career of authorship he appears to have been rather an active speculatist, than a daring adventurer; he explored no new regions of poetry, but selected with peculiar skill the spot most susceptible of cultivation and embellishment. Of materials, although he possessed no original mine of wealth, he had access to many auxiliary funds; and in literature, was in a manner a citizen of the world, who carried every where his passport and his privilege. He felt that he had received that measure of poetical talent, which enables the dramatist to aspire to distinction. This impression gave a new impulse to his existence: the stage was ever present to his imagination; a succession of scenes and personages passed constantly before his mental view; and if he did not, like Goethe, sustain an audible conversation with visionary companions, he was surrounded by an ideal representation, engaged in constructing dialogues appropriate to certain personages, or in contriving situations to exemplify particular humours and eccentricities.

Nor will the following observations be thought less ably applied to the drama in general:

Some years before Tobin commenced his career, this easy communication between authors and actors appears to have been interrupted. A special recommendation became necessary to procure for a play an early reading, and interest or reputation could alone obtain a favourable hearing. The Sibylline oracles were not more ambiguous than the responses from time to time communicated to those who were without a clue to guide them through the labyrinth: and a chancery suit might terminate during the interval that elapsed between the first and last word.

To attempt to explain the causes of this revolution in the theatrical world is not with-

in the compass of the present work; perhaps that boasted season of prosperity, which incited to the enlargement of theatres, and led to a proportional increase of expenditure, may have been among the primary causes of the change. It is well remarked by Schlegel, "that from the vitiated taste in respect to the splendour of decoration and magnificence of the dresses, the arrangement of the theatre has become a complicated and expensive business: whence it frequently happens that the main requisites, good pieces and good players, are considered as secondary matters." In the drama, as in the fine arts, it is not always the era of splendour and luxury that marks the diffusion or the cultivation of real taste. There sometimes exists a childish craving for novelty, a fastidious affectation of elegance, of a spirit widely different from that single-minded love of excellence, which calls forth—which almost creates—the talent it adores. Without the sacred fire of enthusiasm, the splendid altar is raised in vain—without a cordial participation of national sentiment, there can be no pure and acceptable oblation. Forsaken by its protecting divinity, the magnificent temple is no longer the sanctuary, but the monument, of genius. On investigation, it would perhaps appear, that as the rage for decoration increases, the love of the dramatic art declines. When the poet is of less importance than the machinist or the scene painter, and when a favourite singer supplants the most accomplished actor, it is in vain to boast of that public liberality which is not exerted for the protection of national talent.

With these extracts, and a recommendation, (almost needless, when we name the subject and instance the excellence of the author) we must now take our leave of this interesting work. Should we have any thing to offer on the plays, which occupy three-fifths of the volume, we must take a future opportunity of fulfilling our intentions.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

New Series, containing Pontefract Castle. 12mo. 3 vols. London. 1820.

We fear the antedate of 1820 will hardly do for this new series of Tales of my Landlord: the year, in the last month of which it has appeared, affords space and time enough for the existence of so ephemeral a work; and by new-year's-day, if ever noticed at all, Pontefract Castle will either be forgotten, or remembered only for the fatigue and ennui its perusal has occasioned.

Doomed to many tiresome tasks by the universality of our critical labours, we have devoted as much attention as human nature could command to this (using a favourite word of the author's) *congeries* of trash; and having been very unfoundedly charged with prejudging a publication which we had not seen, whereas we simply pronounced an opinion on the nefarious mode of announcing it to the world, we very anxiously explored every page for some merit or other, that we might drag it into light, and so af-

ford an example of our patience and impartiality. But alas! vain have been our laborious researches, fruitless our amiable toil! The consciousness of having performed a christian duty, amounting almost to martyrdom, is our sole reward, for having done what we will venture to affirm no one else will ever do—read this silly farrago from beginning to end.

In order, however, that the public may be in possession of the other side of the question, we shall, before we state and illustrate our own opinions, lay before it the opinions of a person of considerable note, whose judgment is undoubtedly deserving of much weight, whether we take into view his literary acquirements, or the candour and modesty which has distinguished his lucubrations on this subject. We allude to the publisher of the book; whose decisions, we are further bound to acknowledge, are confirmed by its author. Thus, whatever we adduce to the contrary, it will be seen that the voices are two to one against us. Giving the precedence where it is in honour due, we quote the character of these Tales from the above respectable authorities.

"Lucie is the last thing which enters his thoughts."

The Author.

"His motive for writing was to please himself."

The Author.

"It was the pleasure of embodying a dream of imagination." The Author.

"It is very probable he never will be known as the (quære an) author. Were it otherwise he should present the work to the public respectfully, but fearlessly; because no man even of mediocre talents [ex. gr. Cervantes, Le Sage, Richardson, Fielding, Smollet, Edgeworth, Scott—persons of no mark or likelihood when compared with this wonder of the age] will stake much upon the good or ill success of a novel. In the author's case, he will be as much beyond the reach of the (quære what) censure, as intangible by the (quære what) praise." The Author.

"My conviction is, that it [Pontefract Castle] is, by the same person"—the author of the genuine Tales of my Landlord—"and such is the opinion of others, from the internal evidence of the work."

The Publisher.

"First rate literary men, who have seen the concluding sheets, agree in thinking it [Pontefract Castle aforesaid] will form an era in the annals of romance."

The Publisher.

"The characters are magically drawn."

The Publisher.

"The pathos is deep-toned." The Publisher.

"And the reach of object grand and sublime." [This is not very intelligible, but nevertheless it is the dictum of] The Publisher.

"The romance, under any title, will fix strong grappling irons on the public mind." The Publisher.

"The forthcoming tale bears marks of the powerful grasp of a master spirit." The Publisher.

"Many of the characters appear to me [the publisher] of almost magical beauty; and in my [the publisher's] judgment, however unequal it may be to the graphic power of the foregoing Tales, it is superior in its wide political embrace, and the grand reach [what, again!] of its object." The Publisher.

"I [the publisher] pledge myself [the publisher] that it will produce a strong sensation."

The Publisher.

"I have in fact no doubt, that Pontefract Castle will create an era in the annals of romance."

The Publisher.

"The author disdains to avail himself of the à la mode manner of smacking all manner of essays upon the public, under the book-making mask of annotation. However profitable it would have been, still he disdains it; and he is of opinion, that as he has had few to set him the example of this contempt for lucre, so he will have few imitators." The Author—and—the Publisher.

It may seem rather rash to suppose that we have discovered any errors in a performance so highly vouched for; but we are now nearly three year old critics, and are not to be scared by the flatus even of a double-tongued trumpet. Not pretending to be competent judges of embodied dreams, of magically drawn human characters, of deep-toned pathos, of grand and sublime reaches of object, of the action of grappling irons on the public mind, or of the grasps of master or even mistress spirits, we must of necessity leave these qualities to the eulogy of our more able critics, par nobile fratrum, the author and publisher. But as by dabbling in such things we have acquired a slight acquaintance with what are generally reckoned requisites for writing, though far indeed below the notice of your great geniuses,—such as a knowledge of the meaning of words not unusual in the English language; a smattering of grammar, not too erudite for the fifth form of a day-school; and a touch of that common sense which detects gross absurdities not too strong for an uneducated mechanic; we shall take the liberty of pointing a few remarks to the beauties of this era-creating romance, in these humble respects. In noticing these trifling deductions from so admirable a work, (entirely eclipsing the old Tales, and so different from them that neither the author nor publisher need longer dread the imposition of legal restraint for imitation, nor of blame for pilfering a title,) it is with concern that we begin with the first sentence.

"It was on the 5th of June, 1648, on a beautiful summer evening, that two cavaliers, arranged in the peculiar military dress which characterized their party, stood conferring together, on the declivity of the enormous mound which forms the base of Pontefract Castle, and surveying, with admiration, the rich and mellow hue which was conferred on the extensive prospect by a sun setting in the midst of a magnificent strata of gold and crimson-coloured clouds."

Heaven forfend, that we should object to the inelegance of these two conferences between the cavaliers, and the sun and clouds; and far less that we should expect from a writer who does not understand his mother tongue, so immense a stretch of talent as to be aware that *strata*, (a latin word not above nine-tenths naturalized), is plural, and that therefore to say, a *strata* is precisely as correct as to say a *ridges*. Other parts of the view which the cavaliers admired so, and well they might, are still more extraordinary; for they not only "discovered villas in abundance seated amidst gardens," but the "ambitious turrets of York Minster just discernible at the extremity of a boundless plain"!! (page 2). These were ambitious turrets indeed. This is one of the author's "grand and sublime reaches of object." Other people's "master spirits" can only "grasp" things at a limited distance; but the vision of his heroes can penetrate beyond the bounds of space. Why should the publisher think his "graphic power" inferior to Walter Scott's.—Walter Scott never took in such a landscape in his life.

The promise of the first two pages is fulfilled throughout the whole three volumes; and it is but justice to the author to say, that he does not fall off. Like an honest writer, he goes on to the very end as he begins, and there is hardly a page, in some nine hundred, not characterized by similar felicities of style, grammatical beauties, and wonderful thoughts. Delightful as it is, however, to contemplate excellence, it might be tedious to examine it in minute detail. We shall therefore refrain from *pagings* our author's merits, and referring to their general *imposing* sublimity, merely group a few selections of the most captivating.

Elegance of style.—"What a lucky dog I am." "*Sink me* if I did not think I had missed you."—p. 12.

"Blackburn, getting behind Parefoy, pulled him from the white horse, and threw him on the ground as a fisherman does a flounder.—"*Sink me*," said Blackburn, "if the rascals are not all down."—p. 98.

"Where the devil did all this happen?" said Paulden, enjoying the joke: "*sink me*, if I don't think it was in the spirit cellar!" p. 209.

"You rascals," continued Austwick, "you have been all drunk, or seen double, or lobained, one or the other (of the three!); or could a little thing be a large one, and a man, a woman, at the same time. *Sink me*," he went on, "winking at Paulden, as the ghost seers shrunk back from a recollection of his former friendly service, *sink me* if," &c.—p. 210.

"Then *sink me*," said Hewson, [a parliamentary leader!] "if I am not mistaken in him."—vol. 2, p. 144.

"And Morrice refuse?" resumed Martin, [another of the republican leaders,] "*sink me* if I can understand a word of it." p. 145.

"You know me, gentlemen, I think?" [says the same worthy.] "Pretty well," was the scoffing reply—"Perhaps better known than trusted."—p. 150.

"Bah!" ejaculated Hewson, "he would seek the Lord to all eternity before he came to the point."

"Or the corkscrew," drawled Martin. "I wonder whether he would begin the attack by gradual approach, sap, open battery, or mine. I think he'd *sunk* before he came in sight of the breast-work," &c.—p. 153.

We have no desire to pursue this disgusting exposition farther; it deserves another kind of censure, rather than the lighter tone which we have adopted. We proceed with greater complacency to exemplify the *ignorance of the meaning of words*, which distinguishes the creation of a new era of romance, which, in truth, is more worthy of the name of a creation of a new era in lexicography. We shall not designate the pages:

* We have to ask pardon of our readers for quoting these indecencies, but we have avoided the grossest of them; and what do stain our pages; may be pardoned as a minor evil to avert a greater, by excluding a work so puffed, and so filthy, from that respectable circle into which it might otherwise creep. ED.

the following instances, among a thousand others occur.

"To be watched, *spied upon*, and slandered—broken fragments indicated, that the house had been *formerly* a house for the dead of *gore*—his features were small and *indefinite*—Rainsborough was unconscious how long he was *passively* hurried along in this impetuous manner, for his horse neither attended to spur, or bridle, or whip—[here is a *passive rider* with a vengeance!]—he thought he distinguished at a distance, a variety of lights, *irregular* in size or *perspective*, [a new rule; attend to it, Fuseli,] moving along in *systematic progression* [we confess this may be intelligible, but not to us]—purveyor of white broths, custard, and plum-porridge to the craving *diaphragms* of the roundheads [a discovery in anatomy! we never heard of craving midriffs before; but diaphragm is a finer word than bowels, and the learned writer guessed that it was in the interior man]—embraced *like an Oasis*, by an extensive and impassable *morass* [very like an Oasis!]—the *whistling* and snap of a grooved *pannel*—a *suffocating mouldy damp*, as is usual in confined places, [not usual at all] *came up the ascent*—a broad piece of water detected in its course by the sparkling silver rays which it *reverberated* from its glassy surface—a *concealed projecting root* [a miracle!]—the appearance of the *sanctorium* [what is that?]; but we have enough of these felicities from a writer, with the "effects of some of whose anonymous publications, sent privately to the journals, his publisher is by accident acquainted, and never knew them to fail (preface xl): "the vibration of the chords struck by his concealed and master hand, has often been, and is at this moment felt, to the extremity of the country!" For our parts we cannot determine which of these two, principal or publisher, is the ablest at literary composition. But to a few specimens of the grammatical skill which absolutely astonishes us at every turn.—Much as we must applaud the consummate genius of the rival of Jedediah Cleishbotham, we really think it might have added to the effect, if he had learnt his exercises a little. Lindley Murray is a valuable, though not a brilliant man; and even our late publisher's, Pinnock's Catechism, price ninepence, conveys useful information to persons not instructed beyond a certain elementary point. We have reaped benefit from them, and recommend them to the author and his faithful squire. That he needs them, lo, we prove.

"I am satisfied it is *him*—the colonel and myself have been—it is a personal loss to myself, as Sir Marmaduke was an old friend—a *fortisque Gyges*, *fortisque Cleanthes*—a *gentlemanly ease* and *retenue* [feminine instead of masculine, and that this is no printer's error, appears from another passage] "General Lambert, replied Morrice, with dignified *retenue*." Foreign quotations should ever be left by such authors, to the correction of the printer's devils, who attend Sunday Schools: but as our next branch of the beauties necessarily includes

those of grammar, we shall close this division for the general

Beauties of composition.—"Well then, I can inform you; and the reason of my delay was *learning the secret*."

"With a bony, muscular, but well knitted frame."

"May I ask if you are conjuring, that you read a book, fair daughter, with the title page downwards?" [only the title page however!]

"May I presume to ask what book Miss Cottrell is reading?" said Morrice, advancing towards her."

"Rather a singular subject you will think for a female, Colonel Morrice," she replied, "and my inadequacy to follow its arguments may perhaps account for the *little neglect* I have been detected in showing it."

We hardly know a *greater neglect* of a book, than the topsy-turvy position here described; but our author, we fear, is acquainted with many contempts much worse than that (for example, neglecting books altogether), which may in some degree account for the splendour of his present performance. But we now come to a passage, evincing so entirely the magical beauty and (over)-reach of object, grand and sublime, of the mighty unknown, that we transcribe it for the amaze of the reading world.

"As the horse of Rainsborough *approached* the stone, he *stopped* [a puzzler] and snorted, and exhibited every sign of fear and trepidation peculiar to *these animals* [i.e. that animal]. The general spurred and urged him in vain, and tried as vainly to *detect* some cause for this unusual terror in his horse. At last he dismounted, and at that moment, the moon, which had been struggling by fits through a black mass of watery and quickly drifting clouds, broke through the impediment, and darted a strong *descending* [not ascending] *ray* on the white and fractured stone. But it was not the ruin alone which then caught the general's *quick eye*. The glance: was momentary—but whether his heated fancy deceived him, or the *quick* transition of the moon's beam precluded calm and accurate survey, he thought he discerned a figure seated on the stone of unusually gigantic proportions. [meaning the figure] The back of the figure seemed towards him; it appeared [to be] clothed in a long grey cloak, similar to that which palmers *at one time* wore. Another ray [one at a time] of the moon *assured* the general [what a pretty spoken and considerate ray] that his eyes had not deluded him: he discerned a person with what seemed a cowl thrown back, and a long white beard descending to his waist. A *reverbating flash* from some part of the figure shewed that he was armed. The face was indistinguishable, for Rainsborough's horse rearing on his hind [and not his fore] legs, nearly threw him from the saddle. It was impossible to soothe the terrified agitation of the animal, and at last turning short round he set off with the *velocity* of wind."

This is almost matchless; but the conclu-

sion is also fine. After various wonderful sights—

"All was again buried in deathlike silence. It was horrible. 'God of heaven,' he groaned, 'am I to perish in this den of darkness?' and was again *collecting his voice* to call for assistance, when he received a blow on his shoulders which seemed to *ibrate through his whole frame*, and deprived him of recollection."

"On coming to himself, he found himself *laying* at the door of a neat white cottage which stood beneath a grove of tall elms on the skirts of an extensive waste. The first grey light of morning was rising from the red streaks of the eastern horizon."

It will readily be conceived, that when a gentleman who had just been trying to *collect his voice*, and received such a blow on the shoulders as this, *came to himself* and found himself *laying*, it is not worth while to attend to the rest of his confused statements. Indeed he seems quite bewildered, for he tells about a woman with "one cheek unnaturally extending and shining, and the accompanying eye speckled," &c. while he speaks of himself as getting home (poor man) "*unaccompanied* by his horse"!!!

We might well dismiss Pontefract Castle here, sensible that there is no person who can read, but will long to have a glance at so masterly a production. But even at the risk of prolixity, we shall quote a few more of the innumerable exquisite passages with which it abounds.

"It was to the leading men and their followers, described in a foregoing chapter, that the last chance of sinking royalty was consigned, and it was not long before they were called upon to shew their competency or inefficiency for the task." [Quære what task: "the last chance of sinking royalty."]

"The effects of these resolutions soon began to make *themselves sensible* at the castle."

"To any one else, therefore, I should *decline* the enterprize altogether, as inconsistent with the plan of defence I have laid down."

"So striking was the influence which the *intellectual* and energetic *mind* of one man obtained over the will and reason of so many dissimilar characters, and so lately brought together."

"Accordingly, in the beginning of the night, about the 30th of October, Morrice accompanied by Austwick and Blackburn, and attended by a party of about twenty-two horse cuirassiers under Captain Paulden, all picked men, went out of the castle."

Such is the general ease (people call it looseness) of construction, in which our master-spirit revels; but we must not be seduced too far by his enchantments: examples of the witty and the sublime must close this chapter.

WIT.—"Well, we are ready for him," said the governor; "and I hope we shall give him a lesson which he will sometimes remember. Instead of plum broth and curds and whey, we shall treat the rebels with some Pontefract dumplings, as hot and leaden as any roundhead's need be. In return for

the covenant gentlemen, we'll supply them with a portion of *cannon law*; and throw in a few doses of Pontefract lozenges into the bargain, which may assist them in *purifying* the constitution."

This is very clever, but not so exquisite as the following:

"Of the two greatest men in the world, Plato and Mahomet, one was notoriously an oilman, and the other a wholesale grocer."

"But this is a strange sweep from the point, Sir Arthur."

"Egad, right: what point did we start from? Oh! I remember; the page's voice. Well, I can only say, that if you expect a similar gratification as Cromwell obtained, you will be disappointed. Nature has laid her bar upon Henrique's gamut; the poor fellow has been dumb from the cradle?"

"Dumb?" ejaculated Morrice, with a sigh; "poor thing! what an affliction! Dumb! it is very extraordinary."

"I beg pardon," interrupted Sir Arthur, "a dumb waiter is a very common thing." Then laughing at his own forced joke, he strove to turn the conversation."

"Aproposito, colonel, what do you think of these paintings? There are two or three recent portraits by Vandyke; and indeed, the whole collection has been much admired by the *cognoscenti*. By the bye, I think these gentlemen might select a better name than 'knowing ones;' it sounds so like a Yorkshire bite."

Surely the sourest critic will laugh and cry bravo here; and again here—

"Learning's all leather; all carnal, as Sir Harry Vane says with great propriety: and indeed I think his plan of leaving no books but the bible, a very good one. We may thus, after imitating Mahomet, make an alliance with the great Turk, and fight against Antichrist and the beast *ad infinitum*."

"You could but keep your seraglio and your hours, Harry, as you do now," said one of the junior officers.

"Keep? you mistake: I never heard that word applied to any thing *loose*."

We have only to show, that in sublimity the author is not inferior to himself in wit; and surely, "none but himself can be his parallel."

"The spot which he occupied was an irregular oval vestibule, of moderate height, partly cased with masonry, and partly scooped from the naked rock; and forming the entrance into a vaulted stone passage, which appeared to diverge into several others of a similar description. Following the first that occurred, he found that it led him to the dark low entrance of a frightful dungeon, or rather pit, for it was only accessible from above, and reached, by a series of dilapidated stairs, descending to the depth of about twenty feet. It was a square of about six feet every way. A foul blue vapour reeked from the bottom; the walls were studded with rank distillations; the floor broken with heaps of rotten matter, and gloaming with slime. All manifested the antipathy of the place to life. But the iron staples in the

pavement and walls demonstrated that cruelty or revenge had not the less devoted it to the security or punishment of their victims. All was silent as the grave—silent as the wretched beings into whose souls those ponderous irons had entered. But, 'after life's fitful fever, they slept well.'

One example must here stand for many, since, to confess the truth, we find the quantity of fine writing rather tedious, except when terminated with a nice touch of burlesque, as in the following finale to a dreadful combat.

"Gathering himself up, he devoted all his energy to a final thrust of his sword, and well it was for Paulden that it missed him. It passed under his arm, and entering the bed-post, broke short at the hilt. Paulden, though wounded himself, felt for him."

What a masterly touch!—the bed-post and the generous enemy! It is unrivalled, and we will not injure its effect by further quotation; only observing, that it is the antipodes to those passages in which the author modestly states, he 'makes no scruple to sacrifice brilliancy of description to sober matter of fact.'—p. 105, vol. 3.

With regard to the general merits of story, incident, &c. we shall confine ourselves to a brief, a very brief notice. The only good point is the choice of time, which, was calculated to furnish materials so abundant and excellent, that even from the weakest hands, something entertaining might have been expected. But this is a wretched imitation, without one particle of talent to atone for the effrontery of its pretensions. A more trumpery catch-penny publication has seldom issued from the press; and that which would only have excited pity under common circumstances, does excite contempt and disgust under the impudent and scandalous deceptions which have pioneered this miserable trash into the world. Utter absurdities; the confounding of the manners of all ages, times, places, dates, seasons, and ages; necromancy without object; predictions without sequel; the long descriptions of the Secret Tribunals of Germany, copied into England; historical facts from Clarendon, Somers, Paulden, &c. at full length, to eke out, and destroyed by the foolish matter with which they are combined: in fine, sheer nonsense in language that would disgrace a school-boy; and attempts at the grand and pathetic, most truly worthy of a boarding-school miss in her sixteenth summer. Ignorance, vanity, and destitution of interest, are the marks by which Pontefract Castle may be known in the circulating libraries to which it may have the good fortune to find its way.

We are sorry to have said so much about it; but the bold and matchless brass with which it has been puffed into notice, required some check and punishment.

The publisher and author (for pretending to be separate, they meet, we hear, daily,) in their preface, have honoured one or more of our contributors with some of their abuse. We thank them that they have not damned us with their praise; for there are men who can never injure others but by commending them. We wish, how-

ever, to set the former right on one point; because we understand he is an inoffensive young man (cruelly injured in this matter by being made the ostensible character in a very base scene acted by others). We never applied one severe epithet personally to him; and if he will read our remarks, he will find that it was the system of literary imposition generally which called forth our animadversions. We can assure him, that we are sorry for the inauspicious commencement of his career in trade, which this paltry and disgraceful transaction involves; and (however lightly he may think of our counsel) if he value the opinion of the world, on which his success depends, he will beware of countenancing further, or ever again engaging with such dangerous associates as those who have duped him on this occasion. Of a piece with the rest of their conduct was their addition of a cypher to Messrs. Longman's subscription*; and he may rest assured, that no present advantage can make amends for the loss of character sustained by such practices.

* It is the custom in publishing, to take a copy of the new work round to the trade, to subscribe, that is, for booksellers to put down their name; for as many copies as they mean to take. In doing this for Pontefract Castle, the very extensive and respectable house of Longman and Co. (which, we are proud to say, has an interest in the Literary Gazette, ... a sufficient answer to the charge of its being under the control of another bookseller; and our pages will answer for the other charge, by their impartiality;) was applied to in the first instance. They put down 50 copies for their universal correspondence; but this petty number would not answer the views of the parties concerned in the *accidentally*† advertised fourth series imposition, and they *did nothing*: they only added another cypher, to make 500 of it; and thus backed, they got ten times more subscriptions among other booksellers than they would have done. But when the trick was found out, many of the honourable dealers refused to receive even a single copy.

† A note upon a note is rather an odd thing; but this accident reminds us of certain accidents which happened to a *jeu*, about 40 years ago; and as the *jeu d'esprit* may be almost new again, we shall endeavour to lighten this long, and, we fear, dull review, by closing with it.

Journal for de Week.

Sunday.—No business to be done; de Christians all out making holiday. Visited at home for Levi; he never come: took a walk in St. George's Fields: put me in mind of Newgate; called dere, supp'd and smok'd a pipe wid Lord G. Gordon—very sheansible man.

Monday.—At 'Shange till two. Man in de red coat wanted to borrow monies: did not like his looks. In de afternoon, called in St. James' Street; not at home—very bad luck; thought to have touched something dere.

Tuesday.—Went to de Vesht-end of de town; bought some old cloash; took in; gave great price for de breeches; think I felt guinea in de fob, left in by mishtake; only done to sheat me—nothing in de world but counterfeit half-penny: sold dem again to Levi; took him in de same way—very good dat.

Wednesday.—Vant to St. James Street again; —de devil is in de man; not at home: met Levi; he scolded me about de breeches; not

mind dat at all: went to post at de auction; ver vell paid: engaged to post at anoder in de evening; found out dere, obliged to sneak off: found a pair of candlesticks in my coat pocket, dropp'd in by accident; sold them to Mr. Polishplate, de silversmith—did ver vell by dat.

Thursday—On 'Shange; met de shentleman vid de white vig; wanted more monies; let him have it; very good security; like white vigs: carried my advertisement to de newspapers, signed Z.; pretty crooked letter dat, always sure to bring cosbtomers.

Friday—Found a vatch in my coat pocket, dropped in by accident; made some money by dat: met my good friend Mr. Smash; not seen him since he vas a bankrupt; arrested him for de monies he owed me: vent home and prepared for de Sabbath.

Pope's Essay on Man, translated into Portuguese, verse for verse. By the Viscount de São Lourenço, Principal Treasurer of Brazil, &c. &c. &c. (Private publication.) 3 vols. 4to. London. 1819.

The nations of Europe have at different periods maintained stations as diverse in the ranks of literature, as in the field of arms. Italy was the ancient haunt of the muses, and the swarms of her earlier hive, poured all their honey on the lips of their successors. Spain, the land of romance, gave fresh expression to enthusiasm, and added "another hue" even "unto the violet." France triumphed on the opposite shore of poetry, and saw her sway almost universal. At a later period, England held on the ascendant, and Germany, borrowing her light, now strives to shine alone. During the whole of this contest for literary superiority, Portugal remained an unconcerned spectator. It should seem as if the complaint, which Camoens so pathetically poured forth of his country, had clouded the spirit and damped the ardour of all her later bards.

* Those sunshine smiles that fan the poet's fires,
She beams not, no, she chills his fancy's bloom;

In lust of gold her sympathy expires,
Shrouded in harsh and apathetic gloom.

Within these two years, however, there have been signs of change, and presages of amendment. In 1817, a magnificent edition of the immortal production of the Portuguese Milton, issued from the Parisian press, at the cost of an individual of rank, a countryman, and enthusiastic admirer of the neglected bard. The publication now before us is the second attempt to arouse the energies of an hitherto inert people, and to point to literary glory as an "aim, a hope, and an achievement." We collect from the dedication, which is addressed to Don John VI., the reigning monarch of Portugal, Brazil, and Algarve, that this is the main cause of its appearance in the world; a further motive being assigned,

* O favor com que mais se accende o ingenho,
Não no dá a Patria, não, que está metida
No gosto da cobiça, e na rudeza
D' hum auster, apagada, e vil tristeza.

Os Lusíadas, Cant. X.

which, as Englishmen, we rejoice to notice, namely, that it is designed to recommend the study of our language, and literary models, to the inhabitants of those widely spread dominions. The work is professedly a lineal version of The Essay on Man, but contains, in addition, a translation of Pope's Messiah, and also of the 13th and 14th chapters of Isaiah, intermingled with several minor pieces, and an immense body of notes, forming at least five sixths of the volumes, which, besides some very interesting citations from many Portuguese poets, hardly known in England, even by name, comprehend selections of parallel passages from the literature of seven nations. The book is printed in a very splendid form, each epistle having a corresponding illustration, tastefully designed and beautifully engraved in the line manner; there is also a portrait of the Portuguese nobleman, and a very fascinating likeness of the bard of Twickenham, in which we recognise the soft expression of his eye, the feeble character of his frame, and his slender legs "enlarged with three pair of stockings." It is stated to be from a painting by Jervas; and, in contemplating the pensive features of the great subject of his pencil, we are reminded most forcibly of the verses addressed by the poet to the painter:

Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.
A century only has passed away, and the colors of Jervas can hardly preserve a face, whilst envy and malignity strive to darken the fame, and "spit their venom at the dust of Pope."

The Portuguese translation of the Essay on Man is executed in blank verse, and, as well as the version of the Messiah, is generally faithful, spirited, and harmonious. To quote examples would be useless, as the language is so little studied in this country; but perhaps the reader of Tasso and Ariosto may not find much difficulty in tracing the sense of that beautiful passage, beginning: "*For me kind nature rears her genial power,*" in the following close imitation of Pope's antithetical style.

Para mim Natura alerta

As plantas nutre, e faz brotar as flores;
Para mim em cada anno a sêpa, a rosa,
Produz o nectar seu, o seu aroma;
Para mim coalha a mina os seus thesouros;
Para mim corre a fonte saudavel;
Para mim rola o mar, o sol renace;
O ceo he meu docel, a terra estrado.

Epist. 2.

The notes are by far the most curious part of the work, and contain an infinite variety of matter of every description. Many of them are metaphysical, critical, and historical, besides some very acute political disquisitions. The criticisms on English literature, as well as the passages quoted, display a very intimate acquaintance with our poets, from Chaucer to Darwin. We can only afford room for one short extract from these annotations, which we translate, because it relates a very extraordinary fact of natural history, that we do not remember to

* Johnson's Life of Pope.

have seen mentioned before. It forms part of a note on these lines:

Who bid the stork, Columbus like, explore
Heav'n's not his own, and worlds unknown be-
fore?

"In Brazil, where I (the Viscount himself attests the relation) am resident, and through a considerable portion of which I have travelled, there are many species of birds, numerous in their kind, whom instinct impels to this emigration, which is not occasioned by the vicissitudes of the seasons, since as far as the thirteenth degree of southern latitude, where there is a vast number of birds of passage, there is no difference of climate, although there is a great difference of season, as respects the production of fruits; and we see these birds, like the wandering herds of wild Tartars, change their abode when the nutriment which is necessary to their existence becomes scarce. Even aquatic birds, which feed on fish, remove from one spot to another, whither the variation in the currents of the sea or of rivers transports, at different periods of the year, a greater number of fish.

"One fact which proves the power of instinct in brutes, and which I could not have credited, had I not myself observed it, is the following: The interior of the province of Seará, is, like the other provinces of Brazil, stocked with farms for the breed of cows, sheep, and horses, and is situated on a soil subject to frequent drought. The herds, which during the summer are meagre, and ill-fed on grass scorched even to blackness by the intense heat of the sun, look forward to the rainy season, which regularly commences in those quarters in December, or January, the dry and withered herbage becoming on a sudden green and flourishing. No sooner do the herds perceive from their exhausted region, the electric fluid dart in the opposite horizon, than, aware that the early showers descend amidst thunder and lightning, they put themselves in motion towards the part where they saw the atmosphere illumined. They traverse mountains, rivers, and deserts, in order to reach the succulent pasture, which they are certain of finding in that spot: at length, they luxuriate on the first shoots of the rising grass, but as soon as they behold the lightning also sparkle in the horizon of their native plains, they return to drink in the streams, and to feed on the soil where they first drew the light of day; performing in this manner journeys of sixty, eighty, and often of an hundred leagues without guide or compass. How many marks of consciousness are manifest in these facts! The notion and idea of their own unpleasant situation; the hope of a better; the certainty of reaching the land of plenty, by following the gleam of lightning, the agent of rain; the change of place, with the view of deriving the benefit which the fertility of these plains offers; and the natural impression of fondness for their native spot, to which the herds yield, when they return to it in its renaissant state, braving the claws of the ounce and the tiger, the precipices of the road, and the floods of the mighty rivers."

Anastasius; or Memoirs of a Greek.
3 vols.

(Continued.)

Our notice of this interesting publication last week brought the Greek Don Juan into the lowly estate of a jack-pudding to a Jew-quack, perambulating the streets of Constantinople.

The Jew, (says our hero) was to carry his own Galen, in the shape of the best half of an old missal, stolen from a Capuchin; I undertook the medicine chest, with all its pills of starch, and all its powders of pipe-clay. The only thing I insisted upon as a *sine qua non* in the treaty, was not to appear in my new character in any of the streets I had before frequented; and to this ultimatum the Jew readily enough agreed. Matters thus settled between us, I somewhat dolefully exchanged my apparel for a dress in unison with that of my principal, and, after vainly begging, in gratitude for my friend Vasili's advice, to have the honour of making upon him my first experiment in this new profession, walked away with my grotesque patron.

Immediately we began stalking through all the lanes and by-streets of the capital; I, with a pace exactly regulated by that of my master who walked before me, and both of us turning our heads constantly from right to left and from left to right, like weather cocks, to watch every call from a door or signal from a window; but full as much on the alert to avoid old faces as to court the notice of new ones. Now and then, when we had time for idle chat, I used to advise Yacoub—that was my principal's name—to provide himself with a proper license for killing the Grand Signior's subjects, in the shape of a diploma from the Hekim-bashee. He denied not the expediency of the measure, but he always found some pretence for delaying the performance. At first his poverty prevented the purchase; afterwards, the pressure of business; and so long did we go on, without any inconvenience from the neglect of the said formality, that at last we began to think we never should feel the want of it, and totally forgot there was such a person as a Hekim-bashee. (Chief of the College of Physicians.)

Ours was an off-hand method of practice. As all cases were pretty much alike to our skill, a single feel of the pulse generally decided the most difficult treatments. Our patients—chiefly of the industrious class—could not afford long illnesses; and these we certainly prevented. What most annoyed us was the headstrong obstinacy of some individuals, who sometimes insisted they still felt disordered, when we positively assured them they were cured. Had they been killed instead, they would not have complained! Still more disagreeable incidents now and then occurred. Called in one day to a woman in convulsions, Yacoub, I know not why, prescribed a remedy which the Turks regard as an insult. In her rage, the woman flew at him, and bit off half his ear.

It was all I could do to save the other half. Another day (a Mohammedan festival) a set of merry-making Osmanlees insisted on Yacoub's putting on an European dress, which they carried about on a pole, that they might kick him through the streets as a Frank; and though he actually refused a fee for gratifying their whim, he nevertheless was made to go through the whole ceremony.

Alternating from gay to grave, the ensuing passage affords a touching proof of the author's skill in reaching the heart by a simple process.

I remember a quieter but more impressive scene. One evening, as we were returning from the Blaquernes, an old woman threw herself in our way, and taking hold of my master's garment, dragged him almost by main force after her into a mean looking habitation just by, where lay on a couch, apparently at the last gasp, a man of foreign features. "I have brought a physician," said the female to the patient, "who perhaps may relieve you." "Why will you?"—answered he faintly—"still persist to feed idle hopes! I have lived an outcast: suffer me at least to die in peace; nor disturb my last moments by vain illusions! My soul pants to rejoin the Supreme Spirit; arrest not its joys: it would only be delaying my eternal bliss!" As he spoke these words—which even struck Yacoub sufficiently to make him suspend his professional grimace—the last beams of the setting sun darted across the casement of the window upon his pale yet swarthy features. Thus visited, he seemed for a moment to revive. "I have always," said he, "considered my fate as connected with the great luminary that rules the creation. I have always paid it due worship, and firmly believed I could not breathe my last whilst its rays shone upon me. Therefore carry me out, that I may take my last farewell of the heavenly ruler of my earthly destinies!"

We all rushed forward to obey the mandate. But the stairs being too narrow, the woman only opened the window, and placed the dying man before it, so as to enjoy the full view of the glorious orb, just in the act of dropping beneath the horizon. He remained a few moments in silent adoration; and mechanically we all joined him in fixing our eyes on the object of his worship. It set in all its splendor; and when its golden disk had entirely disappeared, we looked round at the Parsec. He too had sunk into everlasting rest!

The quack business goes on for a period most successfully—

Our easy successes amongst the lower orders, by degrees made us aspire at higher patients. We took to attending the poor gratis, in order to appear qualified to try the constitutions of the rich; and by appearing to have respectable customers, we got them. A Begler-bey of Roumilli—the great grand son of a Sultan on the mother's side (for on the father's, such filiations are stifled in the birth) was passing through Constantinople. One of his Armenian grooms chose

to thank Yacoub for having been relieved by nature from a troublesome quinsy, and recommended him to his master's kehaya. The kehaya also—in spite of Yacoub's attendance—got the better of his rheumatism, and praised us to the head eunuch. The head eunuch, left by us as we found him, spoke of us in high terms to his master; and the Visier, on being seized with an indigestion, for which he had laboured very hard, himself condescended to send for us to advise him. He however determined to have two strings to his bow, and to consult the stars as well as the faculty: so that my master found himself pitted against a Moonedgim, (astrologer) who recommended an emetic, while Yacoub insisted on a contrary remedy. The Visier, determined to be right, slyly took both, thinking thus to make the opposite opinions meet. The medicines certainly did; and by their conflict kept us, for a while, in as violent a perspiration as the Pasha himself. As however the disorder only proceeded from too free an indulgence of a good appetite, the double remedy, though a little violent, in the end proved beneficial; and after suffering a few sympathetic pangs, we ultimately reaped both reputation and profit from our treatment of this three-tailed patient.

Thus we were enabled to quit our itinerant mode of life, and to set up near the Backteh-capossees a shop of decent appearance, furnished with jars and phials of all sorts and sizes. These we inscribed with the names of the most costly medicines, while the inside bore witness to their rarity.

But alas! good fortune is a dangerous rock, and our doctors split upon it. Their elevated practice brought them into contact with the chief physician of the Seraglio—

Disappointed at Yacoub's not being able to restore him at fourscore to the vigor of forty, the Visier had, unknown to my master, called in a new ally;—the very person whose lynx-eye Yacoub dreaded more than the spectacles of all the imperial Moonedgims put together, namely, the chief physician of the Seraglio. No wonder that on beholding the crabbed visage of this crusty Triestene the first thing one morning, as he came in triumphantly with a phial of soap-suds and cinnamon, which he swore would renovate the last defunct Mufti himself, poor Yacoub should have looked as if he saw the Medusa. He however had presence of mind enough to dash the phial to pieces, and then to be in despair at the accident. It gave him, in the pretence of running home to repair the loss, a decent opportunity of making his retreat, with the full determination never more to go near the Pasha's door. This availed him little. The old devil of a Triestene, who at his exit sent after him the ugliest grin I ever beheld, had our characters inquired into; and, satisfied that we practised unlawfully, denounced our doings to the president of the killing college. The Visier, the more incensed at being duped, from the pleasure he promised himself in bringing together two such eminent men as the Hebrew and the

Christian doctors, threw in his weight against us, and the consequence was our being sentenced to an exemplary punishment. As we sat brooding over the misfortune of the Pasha's proving less a fool than we thought, a posse of police myrmidons entered to ransack our shop and to take us to prison. These gentlemen, however, as usual, began their official functions by emptying all our phials and gallipots into their stomachs. This proceeding, and its consequences, caused us a short respite.

While our first guardians were engaged, a new set was to be sent for: but these conveyed us without further delay to the place of our confinement. The very hour I had designed to console the fair Fathmé in her prison, I was ushered into that of the Bagnio.

The description of the Bagnio, is one of the most powerful and original pictures in the book, and we extract it for the gratification of our readers—

The vast and high enclosure of the Bagnio, situated contiguously to the arsenal and the docks, contains a little world of its own, but a world of wailing! One part is tenanted by the prisoners made on board the enemy's ships, who, with an iron ring round their legs, await in this dismal repository their transference on board the Turkish fleet. This part may only be called a sort of purgatory. The other is hell in perfection. It is the larger division, filled with the natural subjects of the Grand Signior, whom their real or supposed misdemeanors have brought to this abode of unavailing tears. Here are confined alike the ragged beggar urged by famine to steal a loaf, and the rich banker instigated by avarice to deny a deposit; the bandit who uses open violence, and the baker who employs false weights; the land robber and the pirate of the seas, the assassin and the cheat. Here, as in the infernal regions, are mingled natives of every country—Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews and Gipsies; and are confounded individuals of every creed—the Mohammedan, the Christian, the Hebrew and the Heathen. Here the proud and the humble, the opulent and the necessitous, are reduced to the direst of equalities, the equality of torture. But I err: for should some hapless victim—perhaps guilty of no other crime but that of having excited the Sultan's cupidity, still wear on his first entrance the livery of better days, his more decent appearance will only expose him to harsher treatment. Loaded with the heaviest fetters, linked to the most loathsome of malefactors, he is compelled to purchase every alleviation of his burthen, every mitigation of his pain, at the most exorbitant price; until the total exhaustion of his slender store has acquired him the privilege of being at least on a level with the lowest of his fellow sufferers; and spared additional torments, no longer lucrative to their inflictors.

Every day a capital fertile in crimes pours new offenders into this dread receptacle; and its high walls and deep recesses resound every instant with imprecations and curses, uttered in all the various idioms of the Ottoman Empire. Deep moans and dismal yells

leave not its dismal echoes a moment's repose. From morning until night, and from night until morning, the ear is stunned with the clang of chains, which the galley-slaves drag about while confined in their cells, and which they still drag about when toiling at their tasks. Linked together two and two for life, should they sink under their sufferings, they still continue thus linked after the death of either; and the man doomed to live on, drags after him the corpse of his dead companion. In no direction can the eye escape the spectacle of atrocious punishments, and of indescribable agonies. Here perhaps you see a wretch whose stiffened limbs refuse their office, stop suddenly short in the midst of his labour, and, as if already impassible, defy the stripes that lay open his flesh, and wait in total immobility the last merciful blow that is to end his misery; while, there, you view his companion foaming with rage and madness, turn against his own person his desperate hands, tear his clotted hair, rend his bleeding bosom, and dash to pieces his head against the wall of his dungeon.

A long unpunished pirate, a liberated galley-slave, Achmet-reis by name, was the head of hell who, by his ingenuity in contriving new tortures, and his infernal delight in beholding new sufferings, had deserved to become the chief inspector of this place, and the chief minister of its terrors. His joys were great, but they were not yet complete. Only permitted thus far to exercise his craft on mortals, he still was obliged to calculate what degree of agony the human frame could bear, and to proportion the pain he inflicted to the powers of suffering which man possessed, lest, by dispatching his victims too soon, he should defeat his own aim. He was not yet received among his brother demons, in the blissful abodes where torments do not kill, and where the sufferer's pangs might be increased in an infinite ratio.

Of this truth, the very hour of my arrival had afforded him a sorely lamented proof! An Armenian cashier, suspected of withholding from the Sultan—sole heir to all his officers—the deposit of a deceased Pasha, had just been delivered over into Achmet's hands; and many were the days of bliss to which the executioner looked forward in the diligent performance of his office. On the very first application of the rack, out of sheer malice, the Seraff expired!

Two days later, the whole of Achmet's prospects of sublimary happiness were near coming to a close. Some wretches, driven by his cruelty to a state of madness, had sworn his destruction. Their hands, tied behind their backs, could be of no use to them in effecting their purpose. They determined to crush him with their bodies. All at the same instant fell with their whole weight upon the executioner, or upon their own companions already pressing to the ground the prostrate monster. In hopes of burying his corpse under a living tumulus. But Achmet's good star prevailed:—ere yet his suffocation was completed soldiers rescued the miscreant. He recovered, to wreak on his disappointed enemies his fiercest ven-

geance. Their punishment was dreadful! Sanguinary but not cruel, prone to shed blood in anger, yet shuddering at torture, I was horror-struck at the scene, and the yells of the victims still ring in my ears.

The horrors of this scene are dreadfully aggravated by the introduction of the plague; and we proceed to quote another example of deeply affecting composition—

The scourge had been expected for some time. By several of the prisoners had the frightful hag, its harbinger, been distinctly seen hovering with her bat's-wings over our drear abode, and with her hooked talons numbering one by one her intended but still unsuspecting victims. In the silence of the night she had been heard leisurely calling them by their names, knocking at their several doors, and marking with livid spots the damp walls of their cells.

Nothing but the visitation of this destructive monster seemed wanting to complete the horrors which surrounded me: for if even, when only stalking forth among men free to fly from its approach, and to shrink from its contact, the gaunt spectre mows down whole nations like the ripe corn in the field, it may be imagined what havoc ensues when it is permitted to burst forth from the idmost bowels of hell, in the midst of wretches close-wedged in their dungeons, or linked together at their tasks, whom it must trample down to the last, ere it can find a vent in space. It is there that,—with a focus of infection ready formed, a train of minims ready laid on every side,—though this prime minister of death strike at random, it never misses its aim, and its progress outstrips the quickness of lightning, or of thought. It is there that even those who thus far retain full possession of health, already calculate the hours they still may live; that those who to day drag to their last abode their lifless companions, to tomorrow are laid beside them; and that those who are dying, make themselves pillows of the bodies not yet cold of those already dead. It is there that finally we may behold the grim destroyer, in one place awaited in gloomy silence, in another encountered with fell imprecations, here implored with anxious cries, there welcomed with eager thanks, and now perhaps received with convulsive laughter and mockery, by such as, trying to drink away its terrors, totter on the brink of the grave, from drunkenness as well as from disease.

The before busy bee-hive of the Bagnio, therefore, soon became a dreadful solitude. Its spacious inclosures, so lately teeming with tenants of every description, now began to present a void still more frightful than its former fulness. Universal silence, pervaded those endless galleries, but a few days before re-echoing with the confused din of thousands of prisoners, fighting for an inch of ground on which to lay their aching heads; and nothing any longer appeared that was

* This description of the plague is conformable to the form in which Greek superstition embodies that disease.

a human shape, except here and there some livid skeleton, which, as if again cast up by the grave, slowly crept along the clammy walls. When however the dire disease had devoured all that could offer food to its voracity, it gradually fell like the flame which has consumed its fuel; and at last became extinct. What few miserable remains of the former population of the Bagno had escaped its fury, were again restored to the regular sufferings of the place, suspended during the utmost height of the desolation.

(To be continued.)

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS,
FOR AUGUST.—(Continued.)

JAPAN.

With a view of acquainting himself with the ceremonies used in Japan in marriages, Mr. Titsingh has not merely collected the particulars, of which he could obtain a knowledge himself; he got a Japanese book interpreted to him, called, *Koure hesi Fou-kouro*, or the *Bag of the poppies of marriage*: in this work are carefully described the rites observed on the nuptials of labourers, artisans, and merchants. To this translation the author has added his own notes, which contain useful explanations. The plates, which are faithfully copied from those in the Japanese work, place before the eyes of the reader, better than a description, the various furniture, the ornaments of all kinds, and the numerous utensils, which are employed in those ceremonies.

The three orders of persons for whom this kind of ritual has been compiled, are of the number of those least esteemed in Japan; and if we may judge by the minute rites prescribed for their marriages, of those which must be observed in the marriages of persons of high rank, the Japanese may be regarded as the most ceremonious people in the world; and the Chinese, so celebrated on this head, cannot be compared to them. All is foreseen, regulated, described beforehand in the ceremonial; an exact list is drawn up of the presents which the bridegroom is to send to the parents of the bride, and of those which are sent in exchange to the bridegroom, to his parents, and to the Mediator, a necessary person in the marriages of the Chinese and the Japanese. The number and nature of these presents are determined by custom; they are received with great ceremony, even among the common people, and receipts are given for them, specifying the articles of which they consist. It is remarkable, that among the presents to the young bride, are books of poetry and morality. The betrothing and the wedding are both celebrated on the same day, and without the intervention of any priest; a fact worthy of remark, in a country, which has long been, and still is, in part subject to a theocratic government. The fundamental rite on this occasion consists in making the young couple drink several cups of zakki, or strong beer; and the principal parts in the ceremony are filled by two young girls who perform the functions of Paranymphe, and who are called the one

the male butterfly, the other the female butterfly, on account of the figures with which the vases they carry are ornamented. Butterflies are, in Japan, the emblems of conjugal fidelity, because those insects, they say, always fly in pairs. The minute rules which govern the least actions of the new married couple, and of all the persons present at the wedding, with the description of the things employed, fill a hundred pages in the volume before us, and are terminated by a vocabulary of the Japanese words which occur in them, and of those which etiquette requires should be used in those circumstances. If there are words consecrated by custom, there are others which are proscribed; such as, *to take leave, to separate, to change, inconstant, &c.* These expressions would be regarded as sinister omens for the approaching union, and care is taken to avoid them in all deeds, letters, &c., employed in marriages.

If in every thing relative to marriages, even those of labourers, artisans, and tradespeople, the Japanese bind themselves by rules of an etiquette, so burdensome as that detailed in the first part of this volume, we may naturally expect to find every thing relative to their funerals, subjected to an equally rigorous ceremonial. In their interments, they generally take the Chinese for their models, except at Nangasaki, where the national usages seem to have been affected by the intercourse which the inhabitants of that maritime city have had with foreigners. Mr. Titsingh, in this part of his work, as in the first, has taken as the basis, a Japanese book, of which he gives a translation; but noting, after his own observations, the deviations which sometimes take place. When we know the melancholy character, and serious disposition of the Japanese, we may believe that mourning is most strictly observed among them: white is the colour of mourning; and a custom, which appears dictated by nature, adds abstinence from all articles of food taken from living beings. In this, as in almost every thing else, the funerals of the Japanese, and the homage they pay to the dead, as if they were still living, have the greatest analogy to what is practised in China. Like the Chinese, the Japanese, when speaking of the dead, avoid certain expressions which would offend the delicacy of the living; and they carry euphemism on this point even further than the ancient Romans. They call a tomb *taoutai-koure*, a heap of earth: to signify that a person is ill, they say that he is *yasoumi*, that is, that he is detained at home: and speaking of the dead, they call them *navarou* (the removed). The vocabulary of the funerals is no less extensive than that of marriages.

After the description of the funerals, we find an account of the powder called Dosia, and of Kobou-daisi, a celebrated Boudhist pilgrim who invented it, in the ninth century of our era. The Japanese ascribe a wonderful property to this powder; they pretend, that by putting a pinch of it in the ears of a dead person, another in the nostrils, and a third in the mouth, the arms and all the limbs

recover their flexibility. Mr. T. who formerly gave an account of this powder, in a letter to Mr. Deguignes, which was inserted in the *Journal des Savans* for 1788, enters here into further details. He mentions an experiment of which he was witness, and in which the change attributed to the Dosia took place in 20 minutes. Mr. Charpentier Cossigny, whose attention Mr. T. had also directed to this subject, gives, in his *Voyage to Bengal*, some details respecting the Dosia, some specimens of which he had received from a Dutch traveller. In order to determine its chemical qualities he made some experiments, which did not lead to any particular result; and to verify its peculiar property of acting on dead bodies, he made some trials, which, as he confesses, were not attended with any success. The new account of Mr. Titsingh would little merit our attention in this place, did it not contain, besides the notice on the Dosia powder, some very curious traditions on the progress of Boudaism in Japan. Kobou-daisi, who powerfully contributed to it, was born in 774, in the province of Sanouki. Being versed in his early years in the knowledge of the Chinese and Japanese books, he felt himself inclined towards the doctrines of Chakia, and took the first opportunity to study them thoroughly. He embraced the religious profession at the age of twenty, soon became high priest, and accompanied, in 804, a Japanese ambassador to China. There he became acquainted with a learned Indian priest, named Asari, who gave him instruction respecting the subjects with which he had so great a desire to become acquainted, and even made him a present of the books, which he had collected in his travels. Another priest, of the north of Hindostan, likewise gave him a book which he had translated from the Sanscrit, with several MSS. on subjects relative to religion. With these treasures Kobou-daisi returned to Japan in 806, and began to preach his doctrine; confirming it by miracles, which converted even the Daisi himself. The head of the national religion of Japan embraced the Indian faith, and was even baptized according to the rite of Chakia. Kobou, encouraged by this success, published several Asiatic works; and pursuing his own meditations, he arrived at this conclusion, that the four grand scourges of humanity were, *hell, woman, the perverse man, and war.* He likewise composed a book, in which are laid down the ten fundamental dogmas of the law Chakia. It is impossible to count the number of prodigies which he performed, or of the temples and monasteries which he caused to be built. He died on the 21st day of the 3d month, in the year 835, after having obtained from the Daisi the erection of three professorships, for the explanation of the theological books. His memory is still held in estimation by the Japanese. In the month of November, 1785, an ordinance was posted up on the great staircase of the port of Nangasaki, commanding a grand festival to be celebrated in his honor throughout the empire. The time was fixed for the twenty-first day of the third month of the

following year, being the nine hundred and fiftieth since the death of Kobou-daïsi, according to the Japanese mode of reckoning.

The last piece in this volume is the preface to the book *on filial obedience*, according to the Japanese edition. This as well as the other works of Confucius, was lost in the general burning of the books. At the restoration of letters, two copies were found, one in 18 chapters, published by the care of Ho-kian-wang, and called the *new text*: the other in 22 chapters, was found, according to the Japanese tradition, in the ruins of the house of Confucius, by Lou-koung-wang. The name of *ancient text* was given to this copy, which was in *Kateou*, that is, in characters of the highest antiquity. The *new text*, was preferred in China, and caused the other to be forgotten, which is not to be met with there at this time. The Japanese have preserved the ancient text, which they think much preferable. There are some differences in these two texts, but so very slight, that far from furnishing arms to the detractors of Chinese antiquity, who would have the burning of the books considered as an event which had wholly destroyed the ancient monuments of literature, they rather serve to prove the extreme care of the Chinese in preserving unadulterated the texts of their classic authors.

Mr. Titsingh's want of skill in the language has caused him to fall into some errors in the translation of this preface, especially in the proper names, some of which Mr. Remusat points out.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BOOKSELLING MADE FELONIOUS!

At a meeting of Booksellers and Printers in London and the Neighbourhood, held on the 15th; to consider the Provisions of the Bill now before Parliament, for the more effectual Prevention and Punishment of blasphemous and seditious Libels; fourteen very important Resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The 1st, expressed the concern felt by the meeting, at the increased and extensive circulation of seditious and blasphemous libels, and their anxious wish that such remedy might be provided as to the wisdom of parliament should seem fit; but that they nevertheless viewed with great apprehension and alarm, the provisions of this bill, which, for the crime of having composed, printed, or published any blasphemous libel, or any such seditious libel as therein mentioned, and after being so convicted, if offending and being convicted a second time, subjected the party to be adjudged, at the discretion of the Court, either to suffer such punishment as might now by law be inflicted in cases of high misdemeanors, or to transportation for a term of years; and to death, as in cases of felony, if found in the kingdom before the expiration of the term for which such offender has been so ordered to be banished. [Against this monstrous proposi-

tion it is contended in the other resolutions,]

2d. That the punishment of transportation and of death, are punishments applicable only to felonies, and offences so specific and certain in their nature, as to exclude the commission thereof through ignorance or inadvertence, and necessarily to include the evil intent in the felonious or illegal act. But that the offence of libel is not specific and certain, and is incapable of being rendered previously certain by any specific definition; and that libels may be, and frequently are, published by persons having no community of intention with the authors or composers thereof; and being, from the nature of their business, necessarily unacquainted with the contents or probable effect of the same.

3d. That questions of libel, both in law and fact, are determined by a jury on the prosecution thereof, and that the verdict of the jury upon a trial, is the sole criterion of judgment, as to the legal or illegal nature and effect of a publication; and that such verdicts, depending upon individual opinion, are always uncertain and frequently contradictory, in so far, that the authors and composers and first publishers of political and other publications have, in some instances, been acquitted upon prosecutions for libel*; and subsequent venders, no way concerned in the printing or first publishing thereof, have been convicted by different juries for the publication of the same libels, and punished upon such conviction by fine and imprisonment.

4th. That a verdict of acquittal, on a prosecution for libel, whereby the publication complained of is declared in the opinion of the jury to be innoxious, does not legitimate the continued sale thereof, but that the same defendant is subjected to prosecution for each subsequent act of publication of the same work, and in doubtful cases, is liable to probable eventual conviction and punishment; and that a prosecution for libel, even in cases of acquittal, does therefore generally operate to restrain the continued circulation of the offensive work, and in some cases to suppress the same altogether. [This is however but a weak objection.]

5th. That as general Booksellers and Publishers, we are more especially affected by the proposed Act, and that the more extensive and respectable † the Trade carried on is, the more probable it becomes that we may, innocently and with good intentions, fall under the censure and punishment of the proposed Law.

6th. That instances are not wanting in which Booksellers have been convicted, and have suffered punishment, for the sale of Libellous Works, by servants without their privity, and, it may be, even contrary to their command; and that as no circumspection can guard against the malice of an offended, or the negligence of a careless, servant, we shall be liable to incur the ultimate penalty of the proposed Law, for acts of which we

* Truly, says the old proverb, "one man may steal a horse, where another must not look over the hedge."

† This word is ill applied here.

have no cognizance, and against which prudence would be unavailing †.

7th. That from the nature of our trade, we are daily employed to execute orders for customers as intermediate hands, in the distribution of new Works, of the contents and nature whereof we are unavoidably ignorant, and that for each copy of such Works so distributed by us, we are now responsible upon an Indictment or Information, and are liable, notwithstanding the perfect integrity of our intentions, to punishment, as in case of a Misdemeanour; and that if the proposed Bill should pass into a Law, we may in such cases become liable to Transportation for seven years, and to the punishment of Death in case of return from Transportation.

8th. That a very great number of historical, political, and religious works, are written and composed and published in London at stated periods, and that most of such Works are of temporary and immediate public interest, and that such Works issue from the press, and pass through the hands of several different Booksellers, and many thousands thereof are delivered to the public within a very few hours after their first publication, and that a previous perusal or consideration of such Works, by such venders of the same as are not the original or first Publishers of the same, is impracticable †.

9th. That many standard Works upon historical, philosophical, and political subjects, which have now obtained a classical reputation, and are daily sold by respectable Booksellers, under the licence of a long prescription; may be reasonably considered to be liable to question as libellous by analogy to more recent Works which have been subjected to prosecution, and that such standard

† This, it may be said, is rather an argument against every law, which makes masters liable for the acts of their servants; but in the present case, the impossibility to the master of having a sufficient check, the facility to the servant of transgressing, and the excessive severity of the punishment, renders it a thousand times more forcible than under any other circumstances that we know of.

‡ This resolution alone ought, in reason and justice, to defeat the provisions in the bill against which it is opposed.

¶ To so resistless an argument as this, it would be difficult to add strength; but we may perhaps be permitted to show its weight, by an example ad absurdum. Suppose a seditious libel, (or matter condemned to be such) to appear in a Number of (let us say) the Edinburgh Review. In one day after its publication every bookseller in London would be liable to conviction as a libeller. Here we have the first offence: but suppose the thing repeated, or suppose it to happen through any other popular work (and there is nothing on earth to prevent such occurrences): then, in the ordinary course of their trade, and without the possibility of avoiding it, (for no man living can read every book before he publishes it), all the Publishers and Booksellers in London and its environs are liable to Transportation like felons, (a precious load for a transport or a hulk!) and if their amor patriæ tempt any of them to return before their sentence has expired, to be hanged like robbers and murderers. Why, such a law would not pass in Jonnina!

Works therefore do not present any criterion for judgment as to the effect of New Publications; but may themselves be the subject of future prosecution, and may subject the vendors thereof to the punishments proposed by the said Bill. [This is very improbable.]

10th. That the ignominy of a punishment which it is proposed to make common to Authors, Printers, Booksellers and Felons, while it operates to deter learned and respectable writers of the most virtuous principles, from treating on political or religious subjects at all, will especially prevent them from engaging in the compositions of Reviews, Magazines, and other vehicles of periodical discussions, to the great and permanent detriment of learning; and will seriously injure the trade of Booksellers and Printers, in which they have large capitals embarked; especially in that extensive branch of it which embraces the most respectable Periodical Works in the country, and will tend to throw them into the hands of reckless and desperate men. [A most cogent argument, as is also the next resolution].

11th. That although we have the greatest confidence in the wisdom and integrity of the present Judges of his Majesty's Courts of Law; yet that the power to expatriate and transport for a crime not specific but indefinite in its nature, which exposes ignorance and inadvertence, equally with intentional guilt, is of too extensive and dangerous a nature to be confided to any authority whatever, to be exercised at discretion; and that, in relation to a crime whose turpitude is heightened or diminished by the political aspect of the times, such a power, especially if rendered permanent, might become the engine of great injustice and oppression, against which no character however perfect would be a protection.

12th. That from the circumstances stated, our trade and means of living, if not totally destroyed by the intended Bill, would be carried on under a state of hazard and insecurity, productive of constant mental inquietude, and destructive of the comfort of ourselves and our families.

13th. That a Petition be therefore presented to the House of Commons, praying that the same Bill, so far as respects the punishment of Transportation and Death for vending such blasphemous or seditious Libels as in the said Bill are mentioned, may not pass into a law.

Should this petition fail in procuring modification, we can only say that writing, printing, and publishing, must become very dangerous occupations. It will be difficult to dissociate the ideas of a pen and a halter, till now held to be very readily separable: and the effect of such a feeling as that literature and felony are united in one link, must be more degrading and injurious to the noblest pursuits of mankind than can at present be contemplated. We are no enemies to strong measures against the wicked: we only wonder at the impunity so long allowed to the abuses of the press, and the apathy of our rulers towards its better parts. But we cannot think it right, now that they have been awakened to a sense of the danger, which their own lethargy has permitted to grow so gigantic, that they should in one sweeping system confound every distinction; and while they aim at uprooting the

... We rejoice to learn that these resolutions and the petition, have had the effect of inducing Ministers to soften some of the most obnoxious clauses. Still the measure is an incubus set upon the press. Why does not Mr. Canning induce such of his Colleagues as have no feeling for literature to sacrifice something to appearances, and rather patronize than degrade that of which he is himself so great a lover, and so bright an ornament?

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

IMPORTANT INVENTION IN HYDRAULICS.

There is at present circulated in Paris, the prospectus of a new machine which, if we may believe the authors, will overturn all our present system of hydraulics. They engage to supply a small portable steam engine, which will raise the water to the height of sixty feet, at the rate of fifteen quarts per minute. The machine will consume no more than the value of one pennyworth of coals in an hour, to raise nine hundred quarts of water to this height. It will cost six hundred francs, and will last more than a hundred years. No payment is required till the engine has been tried, and given satisfaction; till it is fixed, and raises the water from the well to the roof of the house, which will thus be secured against fire. They offer, for progressive prices, machines which shall raise double, triple, decuple quantities of water, to double triple, decuple heights (i. e. 120, 180, or 600 feet) and this in infinite progression.

The authors had at first concealed their names, and this mysterious conduct excited suspicion. They have now made themselves known. They are Messrs. Croissen, brothers, both pupils of the Polytechnic School, and one of them Commandant of Artillery, whose talents inspire the greatest confidence. They keep their discovery a secret, and will not divulge it till they have raised subscriptions for twenty thousand inches of water, according to their way of calculating.

FRENCH PHILOSOPHICAL PURSUITS.

Whilst France is encouraging experiments in every department of science, French travellers are visiting all parts of the globe. M. Freycinet is about to depart for Oceania, to make observations relative to natural philosophy. The naturalists, Lesueur and Milbert, are in North America; M. M. Poiteau and Saint Hilaire, are travelling through the provinces of South America, and forming collections of plants to be transmitted to the Jardin du Roi; M. Delalande is in the Isle of Bourbon, and M. Lechenault in the interior of India: they all maintain continual communication with the Central Museum of Natural History.

In addition to the above, M. Noel de la Morinière is about to depart on a scientific mission to Norway and Lapland. He is to weeds, destroy the sweetest flowers and richest fruits of that garden, wherescience, learning, elegant literature, and every refinement of civilized life, are grafted upon the shoots of Liberty.

visit the northern seas, with the view of clearing up points which are still uncertain, and forming collections of scarce and hitherto unknown objects.—*French Journals.*

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Dec. 11.

The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's Prizes, for the ensuing year, viz.—

For Latin Verses—Newtoni Systema.

For an English Essay—The influence of the Drama.

For a Latin Essay—Quenam fuerit Concilii Amphictyonici Constitutio, et quam vim in tuendis Græciæ Libertatibus et in Populorum Moribus formandis habuerit?

The first of the above subjects is intended for those Gentlemen of the university who have not exceeded four Years from the time of their Matriculation; and the other two for such as have exceeded four, but not completed seven Years.

Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize—For the best composition in English Verse, not containing either more or fewer than Fifty Lines, by any Under Graduate who has not exceeded four Years from the time of his Matriculation.—The Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

The following degrees were conferred on Thursday:

MASTERS OF ARTS—Rev. Edward Moorhouse Hall, Lincoln College. Rev. William Thompson, of Queen's College on the old Foundation. Rev. Robert Collinson, of Queen's College, on the Old Foundation.

BACHELORS OF ARTS—William Addington Taylor, Exeter College. Thomas Heathcote Tragitt, Scholar of Corpus Christi College. James Rust, University College. William Morgan Williams, Wadham College. William Trim, Wadham College. Charles Litchfield Swainson, Fellow of St. John's College. Paul Saumarez, Trinity College. John Buller Yarde Buller, Oriel College. John Bamfylde Daniel, Christ Church.

The French Royal Academy of Sciences, at its sitting of the 8th. ult. appointed Sir Humphrey Davy to be foreign associate, in the room of the late Mr. Watt. The ordinance confirming this appointment, was issued on the 17th. Instant.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY—We see by the official annunciation of the distribution of the premiums, that we last week formed a correct judgement on the productions offered for the principal prizes. The following was the distribution of the medals:

The gold medal, for an original historical composition of the *Cave of Despair*, from Spencer's Fairy Queen, to Mr. Severn.

The gold medal, for an original model of Jacob wrestling with the Angel, to Mr. Gott.

The gold medal, for the best design of Pliny's Villa at Laurentinum, as described in Pliny's Letters, to Mr. Smirke.

Each of the above medals was accompanied with the "Lectures of Sir J. Reynolds, and Mr. West."

Two silver medals were delivered for the best copies made in the Painting School; the first to Mr. Sheperdson, the second to Mr. Smith.

A silver medal was given for the best drawing from the living model, to Mr. Edwards.

A similar medal was given for the best model from the same to Mr. Behnes.

Two medals were presented for the best drawings from the *Gladiator*; the first to Mr. Graham, and the second to Mr. Watts.

A silver medal for the best model from the *Apollo*, to Mr. Hughes.

The first silver medal in each school, was accompanied with the Lectures of the Professors, Barry, Opie, and Fuselli.

The latter gentleman presided, in the absence of Mr. West, who is, we regret to say, too much indisposed to admit of his performing the more laborious duties of the chair.

Peeler's Coffee House, Dec. 11th, 1819.

SIR.—Having in the Literary Banquet afforded by this house, feasted particularly from the last numbers of your laudable endeavours to furnish the British public with what has been hitherto a desideratum in British literature, necessary to place it even upon a level with the other countries of Europe, I am sure you will excuse my calling your attention to part of an article on the *Painted Chamber* in the old palace at Westminster.

It is that, which, after speaking of the just interest of such a subject, mentions, that of the pictures, "copies have been taken for the Board of Works, but not in a manner satisfactory to the amateur;" and that you found the "artists enveloped in dust and rubbish, clambering over scaffolds," &c. Now, Sir, the fact is, that being early led to the inspection of these valuable remains of ancient art, I found that a gentleman had been sent by the Board of Works to take some cognizance of them; but as I conceived, rather with architectural views; a story higher, however, I found Mr. C. Stottard, the most eminent artist, perhaps, in this way, in the world, laboriously employed in an endeavour toward a perfect delineation of the pictorial beauties which you have so admirably described, and from whom therefore we may hope the best possible preservation of their memory.

He was entirely enveloped in the dust and rubbish of the scene; but not so much, I am sure, as to have obscured from your correct eye those transcendent talents, which have justly drawn upon him universal admiration for his beautiful and correct monumental work, had your time and opportunity enabled you to contemplate his exertions.

The motive by which I am led to take this liberty, which your candour will readily excuse, will at the same time account for your omission. It is the strange neglect of this eminent young artist of his own fame, which I can only trace to the same inverse

quality (if I may be allowed the term) in his father; who, while executing a work, which will be the admiration of Europe—the shield about to be presented to the Duke of Wellington—has never said a word about it.

In course you will, as you honestly may, take for granted, that this obtrusion on your valuable labours is utterly without their knowledge, its writer not having any acquaintance with either, but through those talents which are already the pride of his country.

Trusting in your forgiveness of this hasty scrawl, I have the honour to be, &c.—R S.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

REMORSE.

Once—for I love to ponder still
Upon those bright and golden hours,
When health, youth, happiness marked my
smile—

And still (in fancy) can I stray
Amongst my father's orange bowers,
As in my life's short holiday:
It is my only solace now.

Now—but what matters it?—my brow
Is wrinkled—not with common care,—
But grief, and, it may be, despair,
Have stamped their burning features there:

And one deep, nameless misery
Hath seared my forehead as you see,
And left its mortal character:

And eighty wretched years have fled,
And left these snows upon my head.

Once, I could love—was lov'd—was blest:

Felt hope, and joy—had innocent rest:

Riches and titles crown'd my name
(For I was from a line of fame):

One heart—oh! how divine its tone
Of feeling!—was my own—my own!

And one dear child to us was given,
Like her, whose very look was heaven!

In music like the turning spheres
She spoke, too sweet for mortal ears:

Even now it rings upon my brain,
And brings the past all back again!—

But for this child of beauty, (she
Who fills my burning memory,)—

Her form—'twas matchless; and her mind,
By all the lovelier thoughts refin'd.

She owed me birth: Can I forget
How well she paid that doubtful debt!—

By sweetness in her earlier day,
By duties, oh! so fondly paid,

When all life's prospects opened, gay,
She cast her pleasures in the shade,

And only sought to prove
How much she might deserve my love.

And yet—I struck her to the heart!
Aye—deep she felt the icy dart:

She wither'd quick, and died.—The blow
Caused not the purple veins to flow:

But every stream was chill'd, and stood
Stagnant. I struck, and froze her blood.

Ambition! oh, it was my God!
O'er loved and broken hearts I trod,

(Aye, at the time I loved them well,)—
To reach a dangerous pinnacle.

Will ye believe—I loved her then—
Loved as no heart can love again?

I did—I did; and would have died
To save her.—But, my child of pride!

I could not taint my noble name,
And link thee to the heir of shame.

What, thou—my only daughter, thou,
With mighty honours on thy brow,
Whom ruling princes sought to gain,
Nor thought Colonna's blood a stain!—
Thou wouldst have wed a traitor's son,
The child of him, whom 'neath the sun
My very soul did most detest,
And ta'en perdition to thy breast!

I smote him—but in open field;
He could not fight, and would not yield,
Nor crave a pardon on his knee,
Nor own the wrong he did to me.

I smote him—and tho' years have past,
Still, still I hear the choking sound

That rattled as he breath'd his last:

He laughed, and rolled along the ground!—
But on my eye his eye-beam fell,

Like a blight. He curs'd thy father—Hell
Caught, and has often since flung back the sound.

That curse on my heart must cling—
That curse which nought can sever;

And his laugh in my ear will ring,
For ever and for ever.

Since this hath happen'd, many a day
And many a shuddering night has pass'd.

I've stripp'd me to the frozen blast,
In hope to cleanse my sin away,

By doing penance here below.
I've lain beneath the tropic sun,

When he his mid-day course hath run,
And bared my hot and blister'd brow,

To rays that well nigh madden'd me:
(For subtle friars told

That bearing pain and yielding gold
Might haply cheat futurity.)

I've trod the scorched Affric sands
Alone. I've leagu'd with desperate bands;

In hopes to waste this wretched breath,
And find repose, or change, in death.

I bore a 'charmed life.' In vain
I fought and fell: I rose again:

There was perchance my punishment.
I gave me to the scaffold: Fate

There saved me for its future hate.
I mocked the flashing element,

In vain: It scorned so poor a slave,
And blasted but the good and brave.

And now I tread this wretched earth,
Childless, and unallied to all.

What, tho' I smile in bitter mirth
At times to see the mighty fall:

There's nothing brings a joy to me.
What is there could bring joy again?

A living mark of misery
I stand, and—aye, you see it now,—

Upon my old and wither'd brow
I bear the brand of Cain.

Like that feign'd wanderer who doth roam,
And never, never finds a home,

Without a hope, without a fear,
Bound by a curse Almighty here,—

So I, still breathe—a living corpse;
A monument of dark Remorse.

[By Correspondents.]

SONNET,

TO MY LAMP.

So sweetly calm thy soft light spreadeth here,
Where I now sit enjoying Fancy's dreams,
That I could grieve, the morning drawing near,
So soon to lose thy clear and yellow beams.

To me thou seemest like the studious mind,
Whose tranquil flame a genial spirit lends,
Which as it brighter grows and more refined,
The sooner, then, its fragile being ends.

Fair light! thy modest radiance wins my heart,
And it is joy alone to gaze on thee;
I care not for the day—let that depart,
Beneath thy gentle influence still to be;
More pleasing far the hour of midnight deep,
To watch thy rays when all the world's asleep.
J. H.

TO CALEB BALDWIN, Esq.

BY MR. BREAKWINDOW,

Author of some Lines in No. 149 of the Literary Gazette.

Sweet Caleb! 'neath whose genial beam
So many sons of slang have sprung to life,
And taught by thee have quaff'd the Dandy's
stream,

At Belcher's or at Randall's seat of strife.
How must the muse lament, that far away,
At Tothill Fields, or Westminster's dominions,
Thou shedd'st thy mild and evanescent ray,
Thou brightest feather in the Fancy's pinions.
Some wintry night, when with Bill Gibbons
round,

The Randall's fire we sit in quiet state,
Oh! may we hear thy cheerful footsteps sound,
And see thee toddle in with heart-clate.

If so, I swear, e'en at the Fancy's shrine,
The primest strip-me-naked that within,
The deepest quatern ever flow'd, is thine—
I know that nothing tempts thy soul like gin.

BIOGRAPHY.

PROFESSOR JURINE.

Geneva, 31st Oct.—Our learned and celebrated countryman, Professor Jurine, has just been carried off in less than three days, by a violent attack of an inflammation in the chest*, a sickness which he had often said would prove fatal to him, and against which all the skill of the physicians was of no avail. He leaves a memory dear to his family, to his numerous friends, to his country, and to the sick, whom he had either cured or relieved; revered by the lovers of natural history, who know how greatly his researches and sagacity in observation have contributed to the advancement of that science. He had just corrected the last sheets of a work on Monoculi, and his *Histoire des Poissons du Lac*, the MS. of which was finished, and the engravings completed, was going to press, when the fatal blow struck him.

He leaves in his magnificent cabinet, which is an object of curiosity and admiration to all well informed travellers, a monument of his knowledge and perseverance, and a rare talent in the choice, preparation, and arrangement of the innumerable objects of a collection, unique in its kind, and which we have reason to hope will never leave Geneva. We have at present neither time nor room to do justice in a biographical notice to the eminent merit of a Colleague whose life we deplore, with the whole academy. We shall soon endeavour to collect his claims to the regret of his countrymen, and the naturalists of all countries.

Bibliothèque Universelle for October.

* On the 20th of this month, in the afternoon: he was first seized on the 18th, in the morning.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—The *Castle of Andalusia* has been performed here; but it is well known, and requires no critical notice. The songs by Braham, Miss Carew, Pearman, and Miss Byrne, were executed with great effect; and the celebrated song called 'The Wolf,' which is sometimes brought forward for the debut of bass singers, was powerfully given by Smith, and encored. It becomes, however, ludicrous, when the old Don, addressing Smith (a little, short, black, thick-set man of about 50; and whose age neither rouge nor foreign costume can conceal) calls him, 'my boy.' How is it that the manager of Drury Lane puts us off with Mr. Gattie * and Mr. — (somebody else) always, while both Dowton and Munden are in the theatrical corps. This was done in the Haunted Tower, and is done perpetually. Economy may sometimes degenerate into imprudence. A Mr. Benson made his debut in Philippo, a slight part, and not raised either by his performance or musical talent. We should, nevertheless, like to see and hear him on a more important trial.

COVENT GARDEN.—The *Comedy of Errors* is taken from a play of Plautus: it is indeed a comedy of errors, and it is nothing more. Perhaps of all Shakespeare's plays (omitting Titus Andronicus, and such as are doubtful) this interests us the least. Fashioned of very meagre materials, and modelled originally from the design of a Roman author, it can never give much pleasure either to reader or spectator. The Romans were not a people of much wit, properly so called. Their minds were of a more saturnine cast; and the overflowings of their spleen or their vivacity naturally took the form of satire or severe epigram. Wit was a spirit too buoyant for them; and they would only have clipped its wings or imprisoned it, had they ventured upon reducing it to subjection. Shakespeare was the very child of fancy; and he did unfortunately, we think, when he pinned down his genius to the solitary joke that forms the *materiel* of the *Comedy of Errors*. There is but one jest, and the changes are rung so frequently upon it, that it becomes a jest no longer. There is scarcely an incident in the play; Ægeon only makes his appearance in the first scene to tire the audience with two long speeches, and in the last, in order to be recognized; and the few soft sayings of Antipholus of Syracuse are neither of sufficient importance to interest us in his amours, nor to form an episode to the main story. The eternal succession of improbable mistakes fatigues us very soon, and we have nothing else to look to for amusement. It was therefore wisely done, we think, by the manager of Covent Garden theatre, to call to his aid some of those sweet and musical spirits, which are ever

* We do not, however, mean to detract from this performer's merits in his own way. His John Dory, and several other casts, are remarkably good; but he is not a competent substitute for either of the actors we have named.

ready to do his bidding. We are generally ready enough to find fault, when any alloy is mixed up with, and circulated among us as the golden ore of Shakespeare; but in this case, when the songs of Shakespeare are brought forward to help one of his least fortunate productions, the irregularity of metamorphosing a Comedy into an Opera may at least be tolerated.

There is a joke, somewhat similar to one that constitutes the *Comedy of Errors*, in the 'Twelfth Night'; and so far as that delicious production is to be considered as an acting play, is a defect; for the audience can never be sufficiently deceived for the purposes intended: but there we have wit, sweet and hidden love, and the gentlest music; and the character of the shipwrecked Viola runs through the whole like a vein of beauty. We do not wish that a word should be altered.

Jones and Duruset played the two Antipholuses, and Liston and Farren the two Dromios. They did what could be done for these respectable, and as far as the latter gentlemen are concerned, misused personages. Duruset's mild and serious features, and Jones' looks, bronzed over by continual merriment, afforded, to be sure, a striking contrast, and almost convinced us once or twice, that the Messrs. Dromio took their beatings willingly. Miss Stephens sang delightfully, as she always does; and Miss Tree, we confess, surprised us, by pleasing us so much; at the same time singing, as she did, with Miss Stephens. One of their duets, 'Tell me where is Fancy bred,' was charmingly given, and encored. We liked all Miss Stephens' airs, except the last bravura; though we must not forget to mention, that some of the songs seem oddly put into the mouths of ladies at Ephesus, as well, indeed, as some of the speeches into those of the Ephesian gentlemen. The scene of the Port of Ephesus is one of the most beautiful (perhaps the most so) that we ever saw. The transparency of the water, and the distances, are managed admirably. It called forth instantaneous applause. The two celebrated songs (in 'As you like it,' 'Blow, blow, thou bitter wind,' and 'Under the green-wood tree,' were transformed into glees; and the overture consisted of airs inwoven ingeniously into a large frame work, as it were, of music, and, we confess, pleased us: altogether the thing went off very well. Before we conclude, let us except from our censure of this play the conversation of the Abbess with Adriana, in which she examines her as to her jealousy of her husband; and the few lines, in which the same Abbess (the wife of Ægeon) calls upon him to recognize her. They have, we think, something very sweet and pathetic in them.

"Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once called Emilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
Oh! if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Emilia."

Mary Stuart, a tragedy. It is remarkable, that this fine subject for the tragic muse, though attempted by many, and by able hands, has never yet been wrought into a

tragedy deserving of elevated rank in that class of composition. The present is from Schiller's German play, perhaps the best that has been written, but still very deficient in those qualities which are requisite for success upon our stage. There is indeed admirable poetry in the original, and many not inferior passages in the English version; the time is well chosen, embracing the period from Mary's imprisonment in Fotheringay Castle, till her murder; and the general contour of the characters is well drawn, whether viewed historically or dramatically. But here we think the commendable points terminate. To counterbalance the poetical beauties, there is a great deal of very heavy writing; and a defect, arising out of the very circumstance which we have praised in the characters, renders them inefficient, from the want of one or two being prominent in the group. In this respect it is a drama of equality;... queens and subjects are of equal consequence. In addition to these drawbacks, there is a sad piling up and whining about the unfortunate Mary, which fatigues and does not interest: her distresses distress us, but not from sympathy. One gets tired of everlasting weeping; and tears without end, come to have as absurd an effect upon us, as the name of the French republican month, Nivose, had upon the St. Domingans, who had no snow-month in their year. Miss Macauley made her debut in this lachrymose cast, and acted well; but the result was to confirm us in the opinion, that Miss O'Neill did wisely for her fame, when she refused to perform it. Mrs. Bunn found in Queen Elizabeth a character suited to her style, and she did ample justice to the unjust Sovereign. C. Kemble, in Mortimer, had rather a Mary-ish part, but he acquitted himself most ably; and Macready made every word tell, that could tell, in his allotted duty. Abbott, and the other performers, exerted themselves to the utmost; but the tragedy dragged most heavily after the first three acts.

It has been withdrawn, for the purpose (as it is stated in the bills) of being retrenched; though we fear, unless the author reform it altogether, it will never be more than one of the dull plays, such as the Fair Penitent, Jane Shore, the Grecian Daughter, &c. which are revived at long intervals to *enliven* the stage.

FRENCH THEATRES.

THEATRE FRANÇAIS. First representation of *La Fille d'honneur*, a comedy, by M. Duval. Emma von Rosenthal, the heroine of the piece, having lost her parents at an early age, is educated by her uncle the Baron von Rosenthal, a man of weak character, who is a slave to an imperious and haughty wife, from whom Emma experiences only disdainful attentions. She is educated in the school of misfortune, and her mind is fortified by adversity. At the commencement of the drama she has attained her seventeenth year, and is adorned with all the graces of youth: her beauty is every-where spoken of, and has even excited a strong

interest at court. The artful Baroness immediately perceives how she may convert this circumstance to her own advantage, and hopes to restore, by this disgraceful means, her fallen credit, and her fortune, the remains of which are scarcely sufficient to support the noble name of Rosenthal. From that moment a complete change takes place in her conduct towards Emma; she treats her with all the kindness due to the Baron's niece. But as a female cannot with propriety become the instrument of the intended negotiation, the author has introduced a sort of *Chevalier d'industrie*, an Italian by birth, and a parasite by profession, who scruples at no action, however base, if it can be rendered the means of augmenting his fortune. This man is on an intimate footing with the Baroness, and is moreover what is generally termed a *friend of the Prince*.

Their plans are speedily successful. The Prince sees Emma, and she makes a deep impression on his heart. Rich presents prove at once his love and his liberality. It is arranged that Emma shall be introduced at court, and placed in the service of the Princess in quality of maid of honour.

Emma, in the simplicity and innocence of her heart, rejoices at the brilliant fortune which is prepared for her. Nobody can warn her of the dangers by which she is surrounded, for all conspire against her; and not even Charles, the Baron's secretary, who loves and is beloved by her, can suspect the machination.

At length an individual presents himself to frustrate the odious plots of the Baroness. This person is the father of Charles, and the Baron's brother; a man long since supposed to be dead, and who has been deprived of his wealth and honors by the intrigues of his family. An unequal marriage was the pretence for this injustice; but Edmund von Rosenthal, instead of being cast down by it, enters into commercial speculations, and makes an immense fortune. The fame of the merchant of Riga, resounds from one hemisphere to the other. With this title alone, and under the name of *Framburgh*, he visits the castle of Rosenthal. Charles confesses to him his love for Emma, and mentions the brilliant fortune which awaits the interesting orphan, from which he readily detects the odious speculations of the Baroness, and determines to defeat them.

Framburgh has already opened the eyes of the unsuspecting Emma by a forged letter, which is read in the presence of the whole family; and in a subsequent interview with her he explains the guilty snares which are laid to entrap her. He prevails on her to write a letter, in which she declines accepting the office of maid of honour; and undertakes to convey it himself; and through the medium of the intriguing Italian, he obtains an interview with the prince, and acquaints him with the whole plot. The *dénouement* may be guessed: the Prince is indignant at the part he has been made to play; he dismisses from his presence those who have abused his name, and the piece terminates with the union of the lovers.

VARIETIES.

Antiquities in Pernambuco.—(Pernambuco, May 25th.) Some months ago two peasants in the district of Serinhaem, digging at the root of a tree, found a vessel of earthen ware, which contained a great number of Spanish and Portuguese silver coins of the time of the three Philips, and many others of the time of Don Sebastian, Don John III., and Don Manuel. They also found a silver spoon, a knife, on the handle of which were the numerals 1115, and a silver salver, of very bad workmanship, but the whole of extremely fine silver. It is supposed, that these articles must have been buried at the time when the Dutch were in possession of this country.

Baffin's Bay Expedition.—(Norway, Nov. 5.) M. Sheling of Raedø, in the Northland, has informed the government, that a sealed bottle was found on the 21st of Sept., near the canal above Raedø. It contained a letter from the captain of the Hecla, dated May 22d, 1819, at two o'clock in the afternoon, 59° 4' of North latitude, and 6° 55' of West longitude; it referred merely to the state of the wind and the thermometer; the crew were all in perfect health.

Some of the students of the School of Fine Arts in Paris, wishing to testify their gratitude to M. David, whom they regard as the restorer of the French School of Painting, recently placed a crown above his fine picture of the *Passage of the Thermopylæ*.

In several parts of this Capitania, there have been found bones of the mammoth; and it is said, that there is a skeleton almost entire.

Libels.—When laws so severe are being enacted against libels, it may not be unapt to quote an ancient historian on that subject. The emperors Theodosius, Arcadius, and Honorius, wrote to Rufinus, the Pretor's Prefet, "If any one libels our persons or our government, it is our will that no punishment shall be inflicted. If they offend through levity, we must despise it; if through folly, we must pity it: if they do so to injure us, we must forgive them."

Persian Proverb.—The wise man knows and inquires; the ignorant does not know what to inquire about.

Scotch Barbarity.—A club of barbarous fellows in Edinburgh, were cruel enough to attack Mr. Kean, the performer, and play off a very atrocious trick upon him. Under pretence of doing him honour, they fastened him to a large, long, heavy, and cumbersome sword, in such a manner, that one of his principal characters is for ever spoiled by it. It is known, that the Scotch have as great an antipathy to Macbeth, as the English have to the third Richard; but still it seems to be carrying the hatred of the tyrant's memory too far, to execute so refined a piece of revenge upon a mere theatrical representative.

The Sublime, a master-passion.—A young man lately presented to the manager of the

Vaudeville, a piece which, besides being deficient in plot, action, and every thing that could afford it a chance of success, was full of gross orthographical blunders. The astonished manager took the liberty of addressing a few polite observations to the would-be poet. "Why do you write for the stage, (said he,) that ocean on which so few escape shipwreck?" "I am impelled by my destiny, (replied the young author) and I would write plays even though I existed alone in the world."

A Paris paper states, that as soon as the basin of the beautiful fountain of the *Marché Saint Martin* is completed, a junction will be formed between it and the canal of the Ourcq. The conduit is already begun. Every measure has been taken for effectually distributing water throughout Paris, by the erection of as many fountains as the funds will admit of.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

ITALY.—Several artists are collecting at Rome all the letters and MSS. of Raphael, to publish them on the anniversary of his death. The third volume of the MSS. found at Pompeii, will shortly be published at Naples.

GERMANY.—At Vienna, a new and original epic poem, entitled "Tunisia," has just been published. The author, Mr. J. L. Pyrker, celebrates the expedition of Charles the Fifth against Tunis.—A new national tragedy is also expected, by Mr. Grillparzer: the hero is Ottocar, king of Bohemia.—The counsellor, M. Keil, at Leipzig, is engaged on a critical edition of the Theatre of Calderon, in Spanish. This edition will consist of eight or ten volumes.—Mr. Frederick Von Schlegel is going to publish a Tour in Italy, principally with a view to literature and arts. Mr. Schlegel accompanied the Emperor of Austria in his last tour. Mr. Von Schlegel has undertaken a German translation of the inedited works of Madame de Staël; and also of the Account of the Life, Character, and Writings of that celebrated lady, by Madame Necker-Saussure. (Reviewed in our Nos. 150-151.)—Professor Walch, of Berlin, proposes to publish a Livy, in 16 vols. 8vo. with the text corrected, for which forty MSS. have been collated; with an Apparatus Criticus, which will contain all the notes of the edition of Drakenborch, and a Lexicon Livianum.—There has been formed at Leipzig, among the principal booksellers of that city, an insurance company for the protection of literary property.—A new edition of the complete works of Wieland is publishing at Leipzig, in 8vo. The 9th and 10th vols. have just appeared. The bookseller, Mr. Broenner, of Frankfort, has in the press, the Travels of his Serene Highness the Prince Maximilian of Neudorf to Brazil, in the years 1815, 1816, and 1817; in 2 vols. 4to. with numerous plates. No

travellers have hitherto given satisfactory descriptions of this country. The Prince observed, for two years, with the greatest attention, the manners and customs of the Portuguese, and of the savage tribes of Brazil. He disregarded every sacrifice, to procure the most exact information respecting the Paris, the Botocudos, the Maschacaris, the Camacans, and the Patachos. The numerous original designs drawn by the Prince are engraved by the most celebrated German artists.

SWEDEN.—There has just been published at Stockholm, the first volume of the History of the Swedish nation, under the kings of the house of Vasa. Messrs. Geyer and Afzelius have published at Stockholm, 3 vols. in 8vo. of Swedish songs, accompanied by the airs.

RUSSIA.—The Emperor Alexander, at the proposal of Prince Gallitzin, has bought of Mr. Rousseau, French Consul at Bagdad, a rich and precious collection of Arabian, Persian, and Turkish MSS. and made a present of them to the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg.

DENMARK.—The committee appointed in 1815 to revise the Danish translation of the New Testament, has finished this work, and presented it to the Royal Chancery. This edition, approved and authorized by the king, will be printed to the number of ten thousand. The Bible Society in Schleswick Holstein is employed on a stereotype edition of the Bible, printed in 8vo. with the stereotype letters presented to it by the Bible Society of London. A merchant of Flensburg has lately bequeathed the sum of forty thousand rix dollars to the institution of the deaf and dumb at Schleswick. They print at this institution several stereotype Bibles in small 8vo. and in 12mo.

FRANCE.—Some unpublished letters of Buffon, J. J. Rousseau, Voltaire, Piron, Delalande, Larcher, and other celebrated characters, addressed to the academy of Dijon, have been published at Dijon, by M. C. X. Girault. These letters are filled with academic praises and obligatory thanks; for Piron himself, who looked with contempt on the French Academy, considered it a high honour to be a member of the Dijon Academy. In his distichs it is nothing to be an academicien; but in his letters, it is the most valuable collection which a noble mind can be ambitious of possessing. Besides, he exclaims—*Whenever, gentlemen, you may deign to prevent me your hand, I shall kiss it, and devote myself wholly to you for ever.* And in his transport, he compares himself to the citizen of Rome, who preferred the hand of a Roman plebeian woman to that of a Queen: no very flattering compliment to an academy which counted among its members, Bossuet, Buffon, and Voltaire. Thus there is nothing to be gained from the writers of epigrams; they praise with a grimace, and their compliments are mere strokes of satire.

The editor has enriched the publication with fac-similes of the hand-writing of all the celebrated authors; and also some curious historical, and biographical notices.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

DECEMBER, 1819.

Thursday, 9 — Thermometer from 19 to 31.
Barometer from 30, 25 to 30, 19.
Wind N.N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally cloudy, with snow in the evening.

Friday, 10 — Thermometer from 20 to 32.
Barometer from 30, 03 to 30, 16.
Wind N. b. E. and N. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Morning and noon cloudy; the rest of the day generally clear.
Snow on the ground 2 inches thick.

Saturday, 11 — Thermometer from 7 to 24.
Barometer, from 30, 17 to 30, 20.
Wind S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally clear.

Sunday, 12 — Thermometer from 15 to 38.
Barometer from 30, 14 to 30, 03.
Wind S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally cloudy; sunshine at times. A little snow fell in the afternoon.

Monday, 13 — Thermometer from 22 to 36.
Barometer from 29, 98, to 29, 92.
Wind S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$, and W. 1.—Cloudy about noon, the rest of the day generally clear.

Tuesday, 14 — Thermometer from 20 to 35.
Barometer from 29, 89, to 29, 72.
Wind S.W. 1.—Generally clear till the evening, when it became rather cloudy, and a little rain about 7.

Wednesday, 15 — Thermometer from 26 to 38.
Barometer from 29, 66, to 29, 62.
Wind S. W. 2. and $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally cloudy till the evening, when it became clear. A little hail fell in the afternoon.

The Planet Mars is now a beautiful object every evening, to the eastward.

Lat. 51. 37. 32. N.

Lon. 0. 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * A multitude of favours granted and favours requested, must share the similar fate of not being specifically acknowledged. For the former we are grateful, and towards the latter we have good will. But our correspondents must positively excuse our giving particular answers to each, as were we to do so we should occupy a most inconvenient proportion of our publication.

Eli: a taxes our gallantry—Editors have none. The age of chivalry in literature is gone; but personally we are her devoted slaves.

Big-wig, judging from the capacity his communication displays, has assumed a title to which he neither has nor ever will have a claim.

We recommend Goldsmith's Roman History for the use of schools, to our learned friend signing Cicero, and for the present, the signature of Mummus.

The distressed case of Lieutenant Bowerman's family is not suited to the Literary Gazette. If as stated, we will cheerfully contribute our mite of relief.

Miscellaneous Advertisements,
(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

Mr. West's Exhibition.

THE great Picture of DEATH on the PALE HORSE, Christ Rejected, St. Peter's First Sermon, the Brazen Serpent, St. Paul and Barnabas turning to the Gentiles, with several Pictures and Sketches on Scriptural Subjects, are now Exhibiting under the immediate Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, at No. 125, Pall Mall, near Carlton House, every day, from ten till five. C. SMART, Secretary.

Picture.—By Mr. BULLOCK, at his Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Tuesday, Dec. 21, at One precisely.
A Few very Capital ORIGINAL PICTURES, the genuine property of a private Gentleman, several of which were in the Collection of William Roscoe, Esq. of Liverpool; comprising a Virgin and Child, Andrea del Sarto; a Portrait of the Doge Tesedan, by Titian, from the collection of Mr. Strange; a Virgin, Child, and Angels, Lodovico Caracci; Penelope, by Guido; St. Agnes, Domenichino, very fine; a Portrait of Helena Foreman, Rubens; Pythagoras and his Disciples, Salvator Rosa; an admirable production from the collection of Prince Rupert; a Landscape with Banditti, by the same Master, very spirited; a grand Landscape and Figures, with Moses and the Brazen Serpent, by Poussin; a Woody Landscape and Figures, Rembrandt; a ditto, Both and Berghen; and others, by Hughtenberg, Van Dych, Van Goyen, Teniers, &c.
 To be viewed, and Catalogues had.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

THE GUARDIAN, a new Weekly Paper, conducted on Principles of Attachment to our present Establishment in Church and State, will be published on the morning of Sunday, December 19, and immediately forwarded to the Country, postage free.
 Orders, Advertisements, Subscriptions, &c. received by P. Kelleher, 263, Strand, opposite St. Clement's Church.

Popular Novels,

Lately published by Henry Colburn and Co., Conduit Street, and sold by Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh, and John Cumming, Dublin, and may be had at all respectable Libraries.

HAROLD—THE EXILE. 3 vols. 21s.

2. Petrarque and Laura, by Madame de Genlis, 2 vols. 6s., also by the same popular writer.

3. Julien Delmour, or the New Era, a Novel, founded on recent Events in France, 4 vols. 21s.

4. Jane of France, 2 vols. 12s.

5. Zuma, or the Tree of Health, and other Tales, 6s.

6. The Hermit in London: or Sketches of English Manners; forming a Companion to the *Hermite de La Chaux-de-Fonds*, 3 vols. 18s.

7. Florence MacCarthy, an Irish Tale, by Lady Morgan, Author of France, O'Donnel, &c., fourth Edition, 4 vols. 28s.

8. O'Donnel, a National Irish Tale, new Edition, 3 vols. 21s.

9. The Heroine, or Adventures of a fair Romance Reader, by E. S. Barrett, Esq. third Edition, 3 vols. 18s.

10. Glenarvon!!! with a Preface and new Introduction, fourth Edition, 3 vols. 2s.

11. Adolphe. By M. B. De Constant, 7s.—Ditto, in French.

12. Rhoda. By the ingenious Author of Plain Sense, and Things by their Right Names, 4 vols. 28s.

13. Edgar, a National Tale. By Miss Appleton, 3 vols. 21s.

14. Tales of Wonder, of Humour, and of Sentiment. By Anne and Annabella Plumptre, 3 vols. 21s.

In the Press,

Country Neighbours, a Novel, by Miss Burney.

Mad de Genlis' Last Work.

In 2 vols, price 8s.

PETRARQUE ET LAURE: Roman Historique. Par MADAME DE GENLIS.

London: printed for Henry Colburn and Co. Conduit Street, of whom may also be had, by the same popular writer,

1. Julien Delmour, or the New Era; a Novel, actually founded on the Events that have occurred in France during the last 30 Years, 4 vols. 21s.

2. Jane of France, 2 vols. 12s.

3. Zuma, or the Tree of Health, and other Tales, 6s.

The third Edition, in 2 vols. 8s. embellished with several coloured plates, price 28s. boards.

LETTERS written during a TEN YEARS' RESIDENCE at the COURT of TRIPOLY. Published from the Originals, in the possession of the Family of the late RICHARD TULLY, Esq. the British Consul.

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